



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

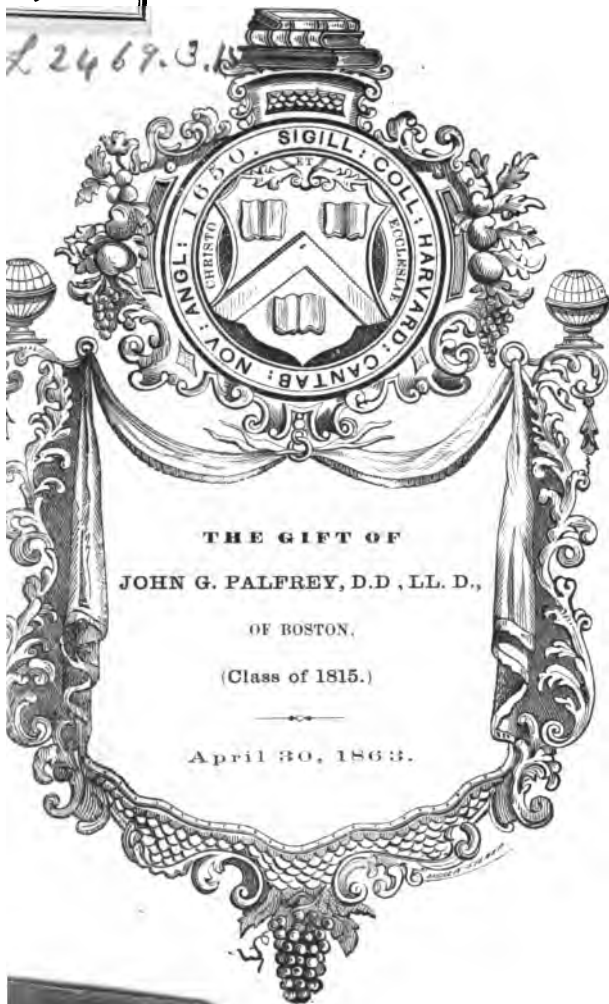
WIDENER LIBRARY

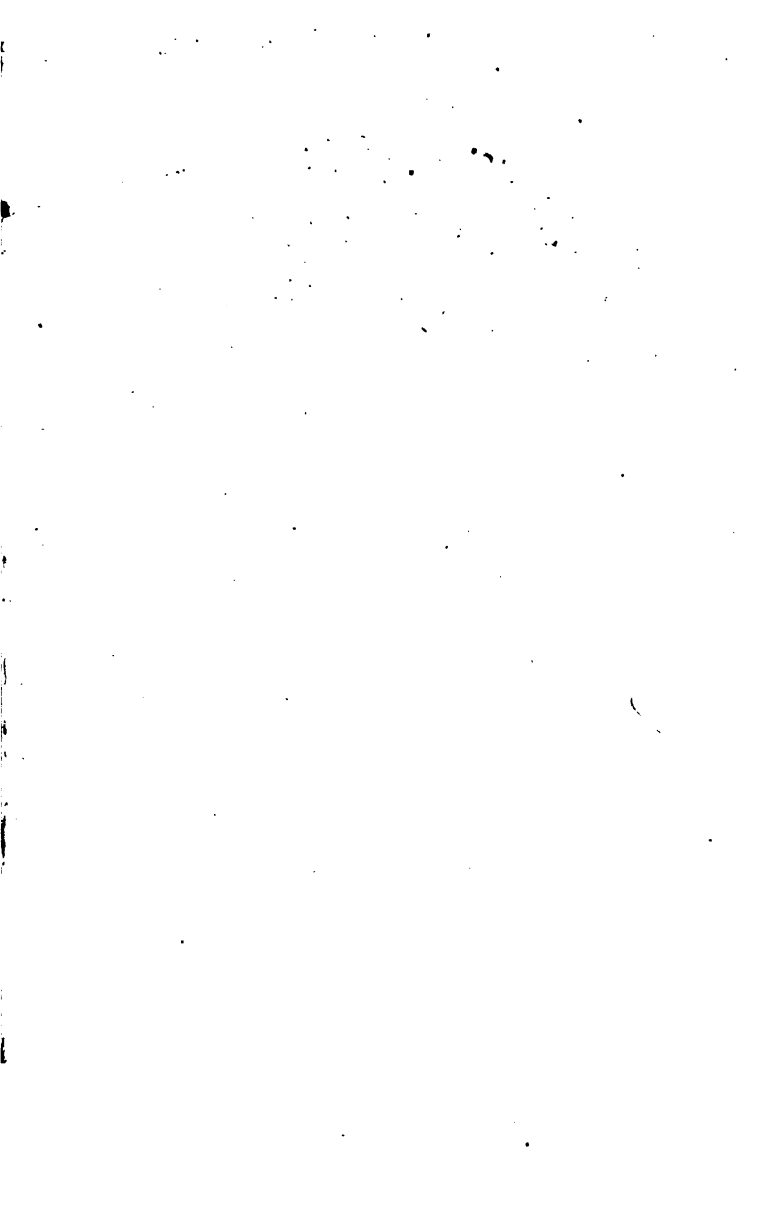


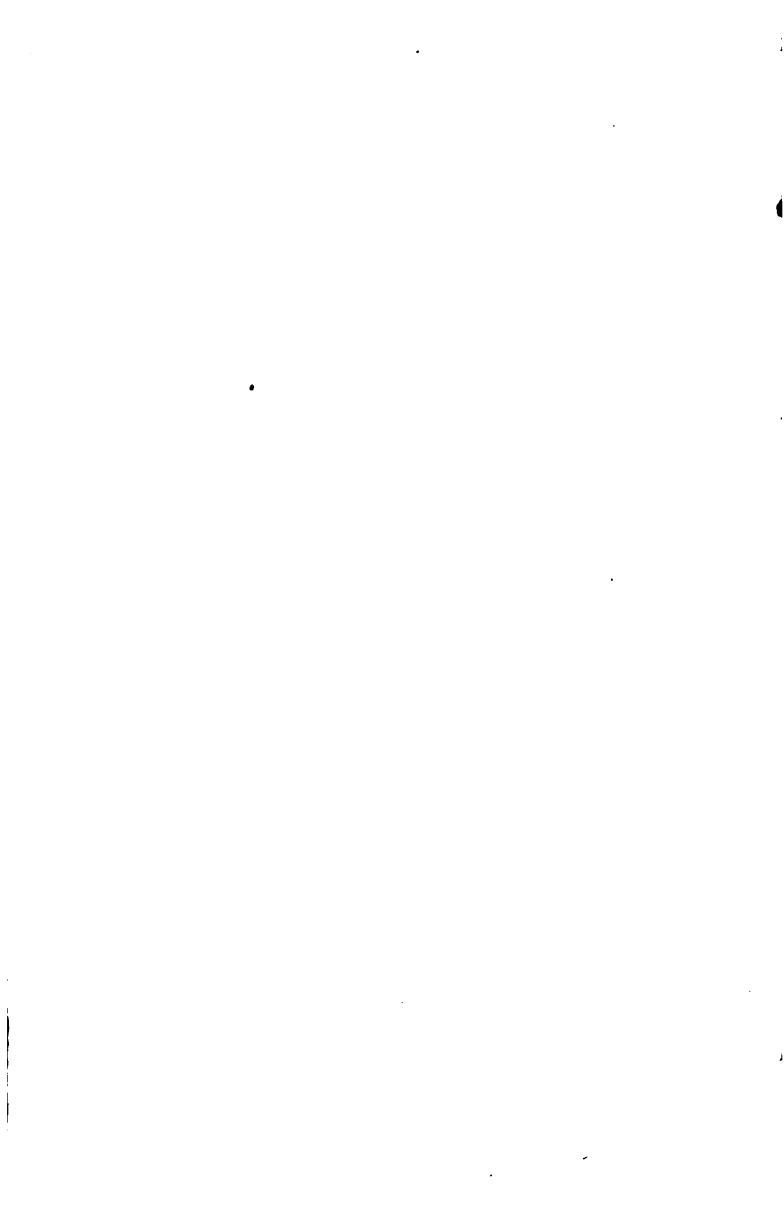
HX DMQH %

119.1a

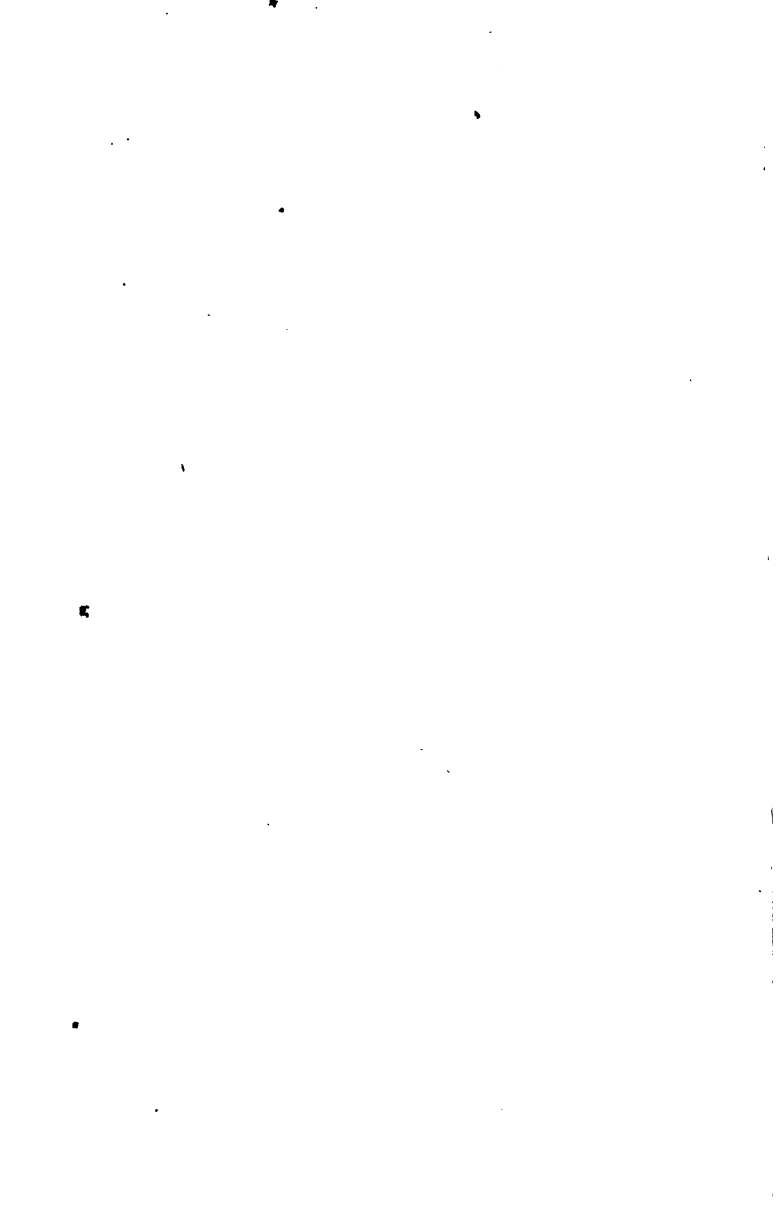
L2469.3.15











For
Professor Palfrey
with the respects
of The Author. -

INDECISION

AND

OTHER POEMS.

INDECISION,

A

TALE OF THE FAR WEST;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY J. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

"Hurrah. for the Prairie! no blight on its breeze,
No mist from the mountain, no shadow from trees;
It steals, incense-loaded, that gale, from the west,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to the nest."

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

MDCCCXXXIX.

W 2 2469. 3. 15

1863, April 30.
Gift of
Hon. John G. Barry.
(Class of 1815.)

ENTERED according to act of congress, in the year 1838, by E. L. CAREY & A. HART, in the clerk's office of the district court of the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia:
T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, Printers,
No. 1 Lodge Alley.

DEDICATED
TO N. CHAPMAN, M.D.

DEAR Doctor, though I hae the will,
I fear I want poetic skill

To do ye muckle credit;
But yet I'll imp my youthfu' wing,
And o' my guid preceptor sing,
Though ye y'ersel may dread it.

I've aften wished for Burns's pen,
And thochts frae Ramsay's fairy glen,
To do ye fitting honour,
But tak the will and no the deed,
My muse, the jade, awa will speed,
Sae I maun e'en get on her.

DEDICATION.

Ah ! weel I mind when first I saw
Ye laying down the morbid law
 O' nature to the student;
To dry detail and dusty lore,
Brocht frae y'er inexhausted store,
 A new enchantment you lent.

Frae worthies o' the aulden time,
To those wha yet were i' their prime,
 Ye drew y'er rich resources;
And last, not least, frae y'er ain sel,
Baith thochts and words o' magic spell
 Adorn'd y'er ripe discourses.

Wi' easy grace and potent sense,
Clear order, a' without pretence,
 And learning without show, sir,
Ye charm'd the eye, and pleas'd the ear,
And made y'er thochts sae richly clear,
 The darkest truth did glow, sir.

DEDICATION.

vii

But faith, I scarce believ'd my eyes;
Ye took me, sir, wi' sair surprise,
 When mang y'er friends I saw ye
Let loose the wit by science chain'd—
Humour that nae ane ever pain'd—
 Oh! thus I'd like to draw ye!

They little ken ye wha hae known
Y'er science and y'er skill alone,
 Though they are mair than ample;
The racy pun, rich repartee,
The gushing joke frae malice free,
 Wad na complete the sample.—

But better far, a heart that ne'er
Did o'er a human ill forbear
 To heave a feeling sigh,
That readily forgave a foe,
And never dealt a jealous blow,
 In keenest rivalry.

Mair I might say, but this I fear
E'en frae a friend ye'll hardly bear,
Sae I'll nae mair offend ye;
Though if ae man beside y'ersel
Says that the truth I dinna tell,
That man has never kenn'd ye.

J. K. MITCHELL.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the midst of arduous professional duties, imaginative composition, like music or painting, prunes the wing of overloaded reason for a more vigorous flight. Written for such a purpose, and, consequently, at short, infrequent, and irregular periods of time, the following poem must necessarily bear the marks of haste and interrupted labour.

While he may be permitted thus to account for some of the defects of his work, the author does not expect to be shielded from the criticism to which every public production is necessarily liable; but he thinks that the unusual circumstances under which the task has been completed,

should be made known, as evidence of the existence of literary opportunity amidst the most urgent and perplexing professional pursuits, and of the refreshment derived from even considerable mental exertion, directed towards subjects remotely related to the common course of a business life.

With this brief prefatory notice, the verses are left to their fate; not without solicitude for their favourable reception, but with less anxiety than authors usually feel, who make letters a profession, and depend on public taste for both subsistence and fame.

INDECISION.



INDECISION;

^

TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

PART FIRST.

THE sail is loos'd, the swinging anchor free,
The boat is hoisted, and the ship for sea:
The hills of Scotland swell on either side
And, 'neath the vessel, heave the waves of Clyde.

Ah, who can leave that soul-ennobled spot,
Nor think of Bruce and Wallace, Campbell, Scott,
Burns, Thomson, Ramsay, Wilson, and Macneill,
And many a son of song, and many a hand of steel?
Each mountain sends its lesson thro' the air,
Castles are tomb-stones to dead honor there.

Each shelter'd vale embosom'd deeds of eld,
For many a scholar's fate its monasteries knell'd.
There spreads the matchless waste of Bannockburn,
For Roderic's deeds, still sighs the mountain fern,
There blaz'd the barns of Ayr, whose holy light,
Flash'd Etna-like upon the darkest night
Of Scottish bondage. There the modest rill,
The loch remote, the wild sequester'd hill,
In name and circumstance unknown before,
Glow in the song, and sound from shore to shore,
Where frown Columbian woods, or India's billows roar.

The deck is throng'd, the multitude survey,
Each, with peculiar eye, the watery way.
The young, exultant, cast a glance of glee
Across the surging surface of the sea.
Hope bounds at tales of wealth, and power, and fame,
And fancy paints, with pencil dipt in flame,
The glowing landscape of the teeming *West*,
"Where every bosom loves, and every love is blest."

The old, with thoughtful brow and sadden'd eye,
Still watch the land-hues fading into sky,

As if reluctant to avert the view
A moment from the shore's receding blue,
As; trembling on the ring'd horizon, peep
The topmast peaks above the rising deep.
The tender sapling, torn from natal sod,
Transplanted blooms, and spreads its arms abroad,
But aged trees, when sever'd from the earth
They once have shaded, know no second birth.

The middle aged a mingled feeling find,
Hope forward points, affection lags behind;
At times they smile along the coming main,
At times the homeward glance expresses pain.
One seeks the bow, to watch the foaming spray,
As 'neath the fleeting prow the billows play;
Another, leaning on the *taffrail*, sighs,
As landward waves begin to fringe the skies.

Apart from all, upon the airy shroud,
Sat one, whom sadness taught to shun the crowd.
Aloft, he sought a more extended view,
For well the wild and varied land he knew,
From high Benlomond, to the castled pride
Of steep Dumbarton, frowning o'er the Clyde:

From princely Inverary's halls of state,
To wild Cullean, at whose embattled gate
The Gipsej-lover sang his serenade,
And lured the lady to his sylvan shade.
Each hallow'd spot, each consecrated scene,
To him a pilgrim's sacred shrine had been.
He honour'd art in Portland's noble Troon,
And wept with nature, o'er her child, at Doon.
The Mavis sang for him in Calderwood,
The Afton roll'd for him its sweetest flood,
With fated love he sigh'd in graceful Stair,
And mark'd the windings of romantic Ayr.
He strove, as onward flew the ship, to trace
The fading signals of each well known place:
And only mingled with the crowd, when light,
Drown'd in the tide of darkness, sank to night,
The first drear night upon the restless main,
That hides the home he ne'er may see again.

In Scotia's lofty mould his soul was cast,
But care's dark cloud had o'er his spirit pass'd,
And mark'd with pensive air his azure eye,
Compress'd his mellow lip, and seam'd his forehead high.

Of lofty intellect, and feeling heart,
Enriched by fortune and adorn'd by art,
'Twas Norman's fate, one single fault to know,
The fruitful cause of many a future woe.
That noblest virtue, MORAL COURAGE, knew
No place within his bosom, where there grew
All else to dignify, adorn, and bless;
But, wanting that, he wanted happiness.

'Twere vain to tell how like a blight it fell
On life's young spring, how potently the spell
Despoiled his summer time of hope, and burst
The ties that bound him to the land, where first
He drew his infant-breath; where nature smil'd
Propitiously on fancy's favour'd child;
Where honours throng'd, fastidious choice to win,
And Love illum'd the home, where Hymen long had been.

The scanty pittance frowning fortune spar'd,
He nobly with his aged mother shar'd;
And, with his wife, and child, and hope, and health,
Embark'd to seek in western wilds that wealth,
To which the blinded world around him bent:
And he, tho' wiser, *dared not* to dissent.

He could not bear the coldness of the proud,
The lessen'd homage of the venal crowd,
The flight of summer-friends, the common-places
Of sympathy from those who lent their faces,
In ostentation still. He might have wrought,
At home, his way again, to what he sought,
And sever'd not his wife, from what the heart
Of home-bound woman cannot, all, depart.
Decision fail'd him for the trying task;
And she forbore a sacrifice to *ask*.

She did not murmur, but her tearful eye,
Unquiet air, and oft repeated sigh,
Betray'd the anguish of her soul, as fell,
Upon her ear, the pregnant word "farewell."

Alone upon the infant on her knee
Her eyes were fix'd; the new, the graceful sea
Bounded in vain, the fast receding shore,
Belov'd beyond expression, drew no more
One look of recognition. She might hear,
From curious gazers, names of places dear
To childhood's memory; scenes where love's young dream
In freshness bloom'd, beyond the poet's theme;

They fell unheeded on the mother's ear,
Whose dark blue eye was sadden'd by a tear;
But not for home or country. That weak child,
The pledge of tried affection, tho' it smil'd
Most sweetly on her, fill'd her heart alone,
With pangs but to a mother's bosom known.
She thought, perforce her gentle child must rove,
With painted Indians thro' the frowning grove,
His food, the hunted deer, his hairy dress,
The skins of monsters of the wilderness,
And fall ingloriously before his prime,
His life a labour, and his death a crime.

The night was dark, the gentle breezes kept
A careless vigil, and they sometimes slept,
And, gliding softly o'er the placid Clyde,
The ship scarce felt the heaving of the tide.
The stars were dancing o'er the foamless brine,
Now flashing broadly, now, in arrowy line,
Darting along, while, watchful of the play,
The gazers turned admiring eyes away
From fixed lights amidst the cloudless sky;
As men love more the earth's uncertainty,
Than Heaven's unchanging joys, altho' they never die.

As chance or taste decide, the groups on deck,
Of home or wilderness, of port or wreck,
Converse; or cheat the time with joke and song;
Or round the wearied captain rudely throng,
To ask a thousand foolish questions, while
The seamen slyly pinch their mates and smile.

But hark ! how loudly comes the voice of one,
From Scotchmen, by his English accent, known.
His theme arrests attention, for he tells
Of transatlantic wonders; proudly dwells
On mighty things, exhaustless Nature's store,
"The prairie's wild, and Niagara's roar,
The wide unbroken forest's shrubless gloom,
The Indian's home of yore, but now his tomb;
The clouds of buffalo, the herds of deer,
The beaver's citadel, the panther's lair,
The mighty lake, the river, and the hill,
Compar'd with which a Scottish stream's a rill,
A mount's a mole-hill, and a loch, a basin
Scarce large enough to wash a mammoth's face in."
As grew his theme, his voice grew louder too,
Till round him gather'd passengers and crew.

A larger audience more excitement brought,
And home, sweet home, alone usurp'd his thought;
'Till, heedless of the time and place, he broke
Into a song, and thus the air he woke.

THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE.

Oh fly to the Prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea,
O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide,
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride.

The fawns in the meadow fields fearlessly play;
Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away;
Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near,
And list to the tramp of the lightfooted deer.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds,
A bold Prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs,
For bisons like clouds overshadow the place,
And wild spotted coursers invite to the chase.

Oh softly as thine, on thy carpeted hall,
Is heard the light foot of the courser to fall,
Where the flower studded grass no impression receives
From ironless hoofs as they bound from the leaves.

Let England exult in her dogs and her chase,
Oh what's a king's park to this limitless space,
Where the green of the fields and the blue of the skies,
In the far distance meeting, commingle their dies.

The farmer looks proudly on grasses and grain,
Yet he sows them with labour and reaps them with pain,
But here the deep soil no exertion requires
Enrich'd by the ashes and clear'd by the fires.

The woodsman delights in his trees and his shade,
But see, there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
His flowers are blighted his blossoms look pale
And mildew is riding his vaporous gale.

Hurrah for the Prairie! no blight on *its* breeze,
No mist from the mountains, no shadow from trees,

It steals, incense-loaded, that gale, from the west,
As bees from the Prairie-rose fly to the nest.

Then fly to the Prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
The vine and the Prairie-rose cluster for thee,
And, hailing the moon in the prairie-propt sky,
The mocking-bird echoes the katy-did's cry.

There is nothing to cloy in the wilds of the West,
Each day has its pleasure, each evening its zest.
Our toil is a pastime, our rifles afford
The joy of the chase and the food for the board,.

Ho! ho! for the Prairie! oh follow me thither,
Love's flowers await thee, but never to wither,
No wretches to envy, no lords to deny,
No gossips to slander, no neighbours to pry.

We struggle not there the heart's impulse to hide,
Love leaps like the fount from the crystal rock's side;
And strong as its adamant, pure as its spring,
Waves wildly in sunbeams his rose-colour'd wing.

A thoughtful silence follow'd, till a strain
Of softer music breath'd along the main.
At first its low Eolian notes were heard,
Like timid warblings of the early bird
On spring's precocious spray: then came the swell
Of kindling tones, as, yielding to the spell,
The mellow voice, in Scottish accents clear,
Aroused the murmurs of the ocean air.

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET LAND.

Adieu, adieu, my ain sweet land,
I hail thee frae the sea
That bears me, Scotia, frae thy strand,
And, Mary, far frae thee.
The hills may pierce serener skies
Ahint the western main,
And fairer flowers and forests rise
To shade a richer plain;
But oh, I'll vainly search below
For sic a gracefu' guise,
As wisdom, valour, beauty, throw
Across my cloudy skies.

The soul of genius lifts her hills
That a' the earth may see,
And wakes the meanest of her rills
To immortality.

Where'er, whilst living, I may be,
Dear land, when death is nigh,
I can't, the hope to gaze on thee,
To my lone heart deny.

Then fare-thee-well, but not for aye,
Thou land of soul and glee,
Romantic land, where'er I stray,
My heart will turn to thee;
Cheer'd by the hope to lay my head
Again on Mary's breast,
On Allan's welcome daisies tread
And sink at home to rest.

The plaintive minstrel ceas'd, and plaudits loud
Rang through the circle of the Scottish crowd;
But scarcely ceased their fervid approbation,
When suddenly the cry,

“Hands! to your station!”

Startled the landsmen. "Call all hands on deck!

The cap on Gaetfield tells of storm and wreck!

Send passengers below! up watch to reef,

The squalls from Arran give but notice brief."

The deck was clear'd, the passengers, below,

In silence listen'd to the coming "*blow*;"

And as the "*squall*, came booming thro' the *shrouds*,"

And mix'd the luggage with the reeling crowds,

The women scream'd, the frighten'd children cried,

While all with grasping effort vainly tried

To cling to something fix'd, or watched the play

Of threat'ning boxes as they broke away

From careless moorings. Some, too sick to care

For storm or bruises, cried aloud for air,

While some, more cautious, at the cabin door

Inquir'd what chance to clear the leeward shore.

The storm grew fiercer, dashing o'er the rail,

The driving spray pitch'd high upon the sail,

And drove the few unwillingly from deck,

Who linger'd there to swim, in case of wreck.

The captain calmer grew, as grew the gale,

And, tho' the gunwale dipp'd, he added sail,

And yet more sail. "If, long before the day,
We weather not projecting Galloway,
We must be dash'd upon its iron coast,
And ship and crew inevitably lost.
Larboard your helm."

"'Tis larboard, sir," replied
The helmsman, as the fluttering sails he ey'd.

"Keep her away a little! That will do,
In such a storm 'twere folly to broach to!
How heads she now?"

"South west by south!"

"That's right,
Despite lee-way and *set*, we'll clear the land to-night."

The mate, tho' close beside him, drew more near,
And said,

"The masts won't bear the strain, I fear;
They crack already, the fore-topmast's old,
The plank-share's torn, there's water in the hold;
I mean no disrespect, sir, but in trying
To clear Corsill, we'll swamp.—There's safe Loch Ryan,
Upon our leeward bow."—The captain ey'd
The hatless mate a moment, then replied,

In that indifferent tone, which still in danger,
Conceal'd his fear, if any, from a stranger,

“If you can see the shore, ‘or light’ or guide,
Amidst this fog, and darkness, I’ll abide
By your advice—methinks ’twere better far,
To eat Loch Ryan oysters at Stranraer,
Than run the risk of making up a dish,
Of bipeds here to gratify the fish.
As ’tis, I’ll carry on! First thoughts are best.
But sound the pump, sir! Put our doubts at rest!”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answer’d he, and off he flew;
“Come sound the pump boys!”

“Two feet water!”

“Two!”

“Ho, man the pumps, all hands there! ‘Give away!’
Another hour will clear old Galloway.”

There’s sadness in a widow’d mother’s tale,
There’s sadness in a wintry forest’s wail,
There’s melancholy in a curfew’s knell,
And terror in the ambush’d Indian’s yell:
But never came there to a human ear,
A sound more full of sorrow and of fear,

Than, midst the howling storm, the doleful pump,
That speaks of wreck in every useless thump.

The labour'd breath, the more than languid stroke,
Evince'd the spirit of the seamen broke,
And each successive sounding shew'd the sea
Was struggling, not in vain, for mastery;
Till jaded, cold, and wet, the sailors swore,
The toil was useless, and they'd work no more.

"The men won't work, sir," said the thoughtful mate,
And growing waters warn of coming fate;
If I might still advise, 'twould be to run
The sinking ship to leeward—ten to one,
We'll make Loch Ryan safely, but if not
We shall not harm our desperate case a jot.
We can but drown, as we shall do, perforce,
If rashly we maintain our present course."

"My resolution's taken, sir," replied
The captain coolly. "Weal or woe betide,
I'll keep the bolder course.—By standing on,
The danger's somewhat nearer, but 'tis known,
And much less certain.—Shipmates for your lives!
The pump, again! Your sweethearts and your wives,

Won't thank you for the little care you take
Of all they love!—Another effort make,
And soon we'll ease her! Once, Corsill behind,
We'll stretch our canvas to a freer wind.”
So saying, he himself the pump essay'd.
The crew, arous'd, another effort made;
But suddenly the valves were choak'd, and then
The pump stood still and would not work again.

The men were brave, but 'twas a fearful sight,
To see their faces, by the cold pale light
Of flashing waves, as each in silence tried
To scan the countenances at his side:
But not one word for hope or fear was said;
But there they stood, as if already dead,
Pale, silent, motionless, as if to stone,
Each living statue suddenly had grown.

Not long endur'd the fearful revery—
For, from below, the cry “the sea, the sea!”
Rose o'er the blustering storm, and told how near,
Appear'd that cold dark death, the bravest fear;
For, surging upward thro' the cabin floor,
The bubbling waters told them all was o'er;

And drove them up for respite, tho' the sea,
Across the slippery deck dash'd furiously,
And shelterless, the child and maiden stood
The fierce encounter of the restless flood.

The first wild scream of sudden terror o'er,
No human sound was mingled with the roar
Of winds and waves.—A silence, as of death,
Fell on the crowd—the boldest held his breath.
The nestling infant, turning from the breast,
Its wonted refuge, silently express'd
In that unusual gesture, fear above
The hope of human aid, the balm of human love.

“My mate! my mate!” the captain, whispering, said,
“If I mistake not there's Corsill ahead—
That foam is far too broad and high to be
The madness of an unresisted sea.
Ah! breakers! Cling for life! Luff, helmsman, luff!
So! steady!—God be prais'd—we've room enough!
But not an inch to spare. Luff, luff, I say!
'Tis past! 'tis past!—Up helm there!—Keep away!
We soon shall see Portpatrick, and the day.”

Oh reader, if you've seen the felon's look,
When from respited neck, the rope he shook;
If you have seen the doating mother's eyes,
When to her long lost, rescued child she flies,
If you have seen the joy-enkindled flush,
Of doubting lover, answer'd by a blush,
You may conceive, what language can't express,
The fierce delirium of the happiness,
When, roused by hope, there came the cheering cry,
"Come, clear the pumps, my boys, we'll drain her dry—
Out reefs—make sail—Portpatrick's full in view—
Steer small—the channel's narrow—there!—we're
through!

Let go the anchor—man the boat—who choose,
May go ashore, to learn, or tell the news."

The sun emerg'd from storm-clouds, pure and bright,
To put the mists, and mental gloom, to flight,
And none who saw the gay and curious crowds,
On bustling deck, and overloaded shrouds,
Would dream, that, just escap'd the angry sea,
Each joyous thing had graz'd eternity,

And that, with such dread evidence of danger,
Each hop'd again to be an ocean ranger;
As soon oblivious of the bygone threat,
As if, exempted from the doom of fate,
Each held a charmed life.—'Tis ever so,
With human weakness; eloquent in woe,
Of virtuous promise; but the danger o'er,
The sorrow gone, the lesson's read no more—
The heart is like the hard sepulchral stone,
On which *repeated* blows inscribe alone,
Its truth or falsehood; trials, to be blest,
Must be by sorrow's frequent hand imprest.

The noble face of Norman, ever grave,
Seem'd solemn now beyond his wonted air,
And wounded spots upon his forehead gave
A wild relief to deadly paleness there—
His restless eye, and constant change of place,
Contrasted strangely with his stilly face,
And those who once had felt his piercing look,
And scarcely could his searching aspect brook,
In turn observ'd his now revolving eye,
Averted timidly from scrutiny.

His wife alone, of those who knew him well,
Appear'd unconscious of the fearful spell.
Enshrouded in affection's blinding haze,
She mark'd not what would draw a stranger's gaze;
Or, if she saw an alter'd look, her heart
Indulg'd itself in that love-nurtur'd art,
Which kindly teaches sorrow to conceal
The utter woe it cannot live and feel.

With gentle care, she loos'd the lengthen'd plaid,
That bound her baby firmly to her side,
And casting off a 'kerchief from her wrist,
She smil'd, tho' sadly, as his brow she kiss'd.

"You cannot guess, my husband, why I drew
This knot so tightly! Oh, it was that you
Might fix the noose upon your arm, and so,
With me and my sweet babe, united go
To weal or woe; a common fate to share,
With thee and it, was ever Emma's prayer.
I hop'd, too, that the surge might kindly sweep
Our corpses upward from the cold, dark deep,
And gentle hands afford a grassy grave
To those who were not sever'd by the wave.

In Scottish earth, with all I lov'd, to lie,
Seem'd not to me a gloomy destiny;
Since oft I fear'd for my dear babe and thee,
A darker doom beyond the western sea.
But God, whose goodness curb'd the raging main,
May, *will*, protect confiding hearts again."

Vain hope, at least in love's earth-bounded sense;
For man, in wishes, shews his impotence
And blindness most.—When passion stirr'd, the heart,
To present good, a tenure would impart,
Immortal, changeless—dreaming not, in bliss,
That in mutation dwells the happiness
Of things of time—that fixed and changeless joy
Belongs alone to Heaven. Earth's pleasures cloy,
By law Divine; lest man should find a goal
In human haunts, and sacrifice his soul
To mortal toys, and childlike ever be;
For time's the childhood of eternity.

Again the vessel spreads her snowy wings,
And o'er the sea her giant-shadow flings.
The land is lost to sight, the verdant hue
Of ocean passes to a changeless blue;

And day by day, they vainly strive to trace,
The marks of progress o'er the circled space.
There is an onward motion, but the same
Unvaried surface with the morning came,
And gloriously each evening sun descends,
With disk prolong'd to meet accustom'd friends;
Who heave to kiss him, as he drops to rest,
And plants his wearied foot on ocean's breast.
There is no emblem of eternity
Like that unvaried sameness of the sea.
The waves, the sky, the circle, still appear,
As yesterday.—There seems no progress there.
But there was progress; for the open look,
Its noble home in Norman's face forsook;
And scowling jealousy—suspicion dire,
And causeless hatred, lit his eye with fire.
The sea is restless, but its billows sleep,
In calmness sometimes, on the wildest deep;
But Norman's burning eye was never hid
Beneath the shelter of its swollen lid.
Sleep fled his heated pillow. In the air,
The cool sea-air he loved to make his lair,

For that would fan his fever-heated brain,
And sooth'd the vague unutterable pain,
Which rests its gnawing tooth on that strange link,
Where matter trembles upon spirit's brink,
And in mysterious collocation lie,
The pangs of time, and of eternity.

He seem'd, in that sweet sphere, where once his soul
Acknowledg'd but affection's kind control,
To drink in fury from the very eye,
Whose smile before, to him, was extacy.
A very tiger cag'd, he snarl'd at all,
Save that weak child, at whose imperious call,
He came submissive—like a slave, obey'd
His most capricious whim, as if afraid
Of him, in playful menace.—Was it love,
The fondling instinct of the gentle dove,
Or but a symptom of the morbid fire
That changes hate to love, and love to ire ?

It was, when from herself she could not hide
The startling truth from which she turn'd aside
So long and oft, that Emma's patience failed,
And slowly to her mournful lot she quailed.

It was some solace to her heart to find
His loss of love to her, was loss of mind.
It sooth'd her hopeless sorrow to reflect
That those who most are lov'd, when reason's wreck'd
Are hated most, as wintry spoils deface
The most that spot the richest flowrets grace.
But yet her heart was chill'd, as, day by day,
She watched the searing progress of decay;
And, banish'd—lonely—not a friendly eye,
To shed with her the tear of sympathy,
She saw the serpent coiled upon the breast
In which alone her heart could look for rest;
And desolation, utter, hopeless, wild,
Assail'd her bosom. But for that dear child,
And love for *him*, that could not be repress'd,
She would have passed away, and been at rest.
The rock that dashed the stormy seas aside,
And proudly ocean's utmost force defied,
Submits, tho' slowly, to the gentlest play
Of ceaseless waters, till it melts away.
'Twas so with Emma's heart; the love, that stood
The sudden outbreaks of his wildest mood,

Wither'd before the unrelenting guile,
Whose petty arts were cover'd by a smile.
She could not summon to her aid the pride
That sudden insult rouses—and she died.

It was a wild departure.—Sorrow grasp'd
Her loosen'd heart-strings, as her child she clasp'd,
And as she watched her husband's callous air,
There darken'd once, a moment of despair.
'Twas gone; and o'er the darkness flash'd a ray
Of joy angelic, earnest of its day;
Bright as the sky-flash from above,
When Bethlehem's angels came in love,
To tell benighted shepherds there
The advent of creation's heir.
The eye was rais'd, the eyelids nearer drew,
As if in effort, for a shaded view,
Too dazzling for a mortal's veilless sight;
And death's pale face, was flushing with delight.
“I see, I see the glory of the skies,
How lovely, oh how lovely! Angel-eyes,
Like stars are beaming on the crystal wall
Of Heaven; their glorious wings expand—they call!

Hark, hark ! Extatic sounds like these, on earth,
Amidst its sinful children, have no birth.
The gross air could not in obedience move,
To such seraphic sounds of joy and love.
Oh tell me, blest ones, ere I wing my way,
To drink the streams that in Elysium play,
Oh tell, to soothe the bitter pangs that lie
Across my path to blest eternity,
Shall these, my lov'd ones, lov'd, alas, too well,
With me in yonder glorious mansion dwell ?
Ha ! cherub ! cherub ! whither fly so fast ?
He pauses in the crystal air at last !
His rosy wings, in graceful circles, play ;
He flies again to earth, away, away !
How sweet the glory beaming round his head,
What soften'd rays his shining features shed.
'Tis he, 'tis he ! my own celestial boy,
Ennobled, but unalter'd by his joy.
I see him, infant still ! not long to be
A batter'd sail on time's tempestuous sea !
My child will soon rejoin me in the sky !
Now, kind ones, tell me Norman's destiny.

What, sad ! celestial ones ! oh hear my cry,
Ah why, the last request of life deny ?
See, floating slowly thro' the distant air,
Descends a spirit, not with golden hair,
Like that on cherub-shoulders—silver hue'd,
His locks are o'er his forehead thinly strew'd:
And on his radiant features marks of care
Are deeply furrow'd; still a thoughtful air
Tempers his bliss.—I see, alas, I see
A life of pain, my husband, yet for thee.
Perhaps the trials sent by Prescient Love,
Are meant to fit thee for the fields above.
If such thy lot, I pray that every woe,
May from the treasury of mercy flow,
That God who wounds, may every sorrow bless,
Nor strike one blow, save for thy happiness."

A moment o'er his face, as Norman drew
Close to the couch, a shade of feeling flew,
And audibly he utter'd an Amen;
And backward fell into his gloom again.
A smile of triumph kindled as she heard,
From him she lov'd, the deeply meaning word;

And pointing upward with her wither'd finger,
She faintly murmur'd.—“Father, let me linger
No longer now!—My husband, soon you'll see
The land we go to; thither carry me,
And when my babe departs, and is at rest,
Oh lay his head upon his mother's breast.
The gloomy hour of death less dark will be,
If I may hope, my babe, to sleep with thee.”
A gentle kiss was heard; her hand was there,
In tender love, among his golden hair.
“Bless, bless thee, boy!” the rest was lost; for she,
With angels, glitter'd in eternity.

PART SECOND.

THE startled night before the morning flies,
And calls obedient vapours from the skies,
And from the burning bosom of the east,
Retreating sullenly, attempts to rest,
Behind the hills.—In vain!—The sun has hurl'd
His fatal arrows, and behind the world,
Itself he hides, to shun the dreaded light,
And in his cloudy car pursues his ceaseless flight.

A beaming point just tips the doubtful verge
Where sea and sky, their dubious colours merge,
And up at one bright leap, in glory springs
The sun, and o'er the ocean spreads his wings.
Along the rippling waters, golden light,
A trembling causeway paves, so pure, so bright,
A path to Heaven, it seems to fancy's eye,
Continued upward thro' the yellow sky,

In clouds like cluster'd gems of every hue,
To pale the ruby's blush and shame the sapphire's blue.
The sportive dolphin, like a floating flower,
Of thousand tints, adorns his waving bower.
The curving porpoise, on the crested pride
Of curling billows, takes his liquid ride;
And silver flying fishes dash away
Before the breeze, and in the sunbeams play.
There is a freshness in the breezy air;
There is a joyous spirit every where.
The ship alone, in sorrow's ensigns dress'd,
No longer waves her standard on her crest,
But there, half-mast, its heavy folds repose,
The gloomy signal of internal woes.
Death, always mournful, ever seems to be
A drearier thing upon the lonely sea.
All know, all mourn, all speak of her who dies,
And as the death sign o'er the ocean flies
Still sport the ceaseless waves and laugh the jocund
 skies.
The very contrast deepens the distress
And pride is tutor'd into humbleness.

The father felt its pressure.—On the *rail*
He held his child. His cheek was cold and pale,
But ever as the prattler, full of glee,
Leap'd to the prancings of the lively sea,
A smile of unaccustom'd pleasure play'd
Around his mouth, but never farther stray'd.

In deep abstraction lost, he did not hear,
As chang'd the breeze, the order to prepare
To “put the ship about.”—The bustling crew,
Each to allotted station, quickly flew;
And as the “spanker gib'd,” the cry “look out,
Look out, stoop down,” was heard. The friendly shout,
Unnotic'd came to him.—The ponderous beam
Swept off the child.—The universal scream
Of horror told his fate, as o'er his head
The swinging vessel roll'd. An instant dread
Palsied the crew; but soon the callous sea
Was fill'd with searchers; but, oh misery,
Their little pet, their playful boy was gone;
The fatal blow!—His corse is there alone.

The boom had struck poor Norman to the deck,
And there he lay unconscious of the wreck

Of his last treasure, till the sudden grief
That wrung the crew, had found in tears relief,
And each rough son of storm in turn had shed
A pious drop upon the orphan's head;
Then sympathy for him, who most should be
Afflicted, brought a friendly scrutiny.
They found him senseless; mercifully so;
For how could frame, or reason bear the blow ?

The gallant vessel to the harbour drives,
While slowly Norman from his swoon revives;
And when they bear the corses to the earth,
And mourn the budding hope, the blossom'd worth,
He follows, idiot-like, the solemn show,
And wonders at the tears that round him flow.
He mov'd not as the earth received its trust,
Nor seem'd to hear the awful "dust to dust;"
But when they turn'd to leave the finish'd grave,
One heavy sigh the isolated gave,
And with a look of doubtful meaning sought
The names of those who to the grave were brought.
"It is your wife, your child."

"Mine! wife and child!

You will not leave them in this lonely wild?"

Nor prayers, nor gentle force, could draw him thence,
But there he sat upon a ruin'd fence;
And day and night he watched the lonely mound,
And planted flowers and thistles all around,
As if at once to grace and to protect
The desert spot from insult, or neglect.
No food he tasted, save when brought by those,
His friendly shipmates, who had known his woes.
One day they miss'd him—waited long in vain,
The next, return'd to search the place again.
He was not there. The cherish'd grave deflower'd,
Was torn and ruin'd; wandering brutes devour'd,
Before their eyes, the shrubs, and all around
The deep impress of careless steps was found.
The soften'd surface of the recent grave
Display'd the struggling marks he made to save,
And broken fragments of a rope were there;
While tooth-marks on the very earth declare,
How fierce his efforts, bitter his despair.

The summer pass'd away, the autumn came,
But still the ruin'd grave remain'd the same.

The rains of winter swept the grassless mound,
And yet no hand to close its clefts was found.
The spring return'd to see it desolate,
While on its humid surface sadly sate
A faded form.—That low, scarce obvious tomb,
Distinguish'd only by the youthful bloom
Of Scottish thistles, fixed his mournful eye,
And tears were shed of bitter memory.
There was a sallow paleness on his face,
Which did not seem of malady the trace,
But rather spoke of one, who from the light
Had long been hidden in unwholesome night;
Whose stormy passions, wild, prolong'd, severe,
Had clos'd the heart to either hope or fear.
He seem'd as if the world had nought to give
For which he deign'd to ask, or car'd to live.
With feeble hands, he rear'd the fallen mound,
And placed transplanted thistles all around;
Then gazing long and mournfully, he threw
Himself upon the earth, while tears bedew
Its cold, cold bosom.

“Emma, fare thee well;
To leave thee thus, oh who my grief may tell!

There's none on earth, my love, for thee to care;
And yet to watch thy grave, is more than I can bear.
My Oscar, too! my son, adieu, adieu!
My heart, where'er I fly, will mourn for you."
Emotion stifled speech. He wiped a tear,
And plucked memorials from a thistle near,
And, to the West's gigantic solitude,
Retreated, hoping man might ne'er intrude
On sorrow's isolation-loving mood.

There, at his feet, the squirrel sported free,
The beaver hid not from his harmless eye,
The timid fawn cropp'd roses from his tree,
Nor did the bison from his rifle fly.
He knew too well the hue of misery,
To cast its sombrous livery o'er the place,
The Indian, even, shar'd his sympathy,
And hated less, for him, the white man's face.

But scarcely had he form'd his woodland ties,
Ere forest-echo to the axe replies,
And tree, and Indian, buffalo, and deer,
Before the living torrent disappear.

He would have fled again; but whither, whither !
To the "Far West?" the onward march is thither;
And solitude is scarcely woo'd and won,
Ere crashing forests fall, and solitude is gone.
His cabin too was dear to him, for there
He woke to reason from his dark despair;
And there, the solace of his moody hours,
His *giant* thistle grew, his flower of flowers,
Bound to his bosom by the sweetest ties,
For in his honour'd country's flag it flies,
And guards alone the grave where all his treasure lies.

But fortune's fickle, not in smiles alone;
A ray of joy may light her darkest frown;
In clouds she loves her purest stars to set,
As goldsmiths place their brightest gems in jet.
Though busy neighbours mark'd his sullen mood,
And seldom sought his shaded solitude,
There sometimes stole upon his primal bower,
To catch the wood-notes, or the forest flower,
A gentle spirit, frank Virginia's child,
Whose young romantic heart had blossom'd in the wild.

Her taste, her language, singular, not rude,
Back to the lone-one's breast his softness woo'd;
And, as she sang the music of his hills,
A Scottish mother's gift, his bosom thrills;
And, to his heart, forgotten transports throng,
As flows the sweetness of the Doric song:
For Scotia's simple ballads pleas'd not less,
From beauty's coral lip, in Indian wilderness.

Of nature, too, they talk'd, where tree and flower,
In wild profusion, round the woodman's bower,
Exhaustless source became, of simple bliss,—
An unadulterated happiness.

Such hearts, so occupied, are much in danger.
He taught, admir'd, esteem'd, and lov'd the stranger;
And she, amidst that wild, uncourtly throng,
Lov'd him who prais'd her flowrets and her song.
Though not a beau quite suited to her age,—
The *beau ideal*, then, was all her rage;—
She thought she lov'd from pure philosophy;
And he, because she had his Emma's eye,
And Emma's hair, and—twenty *reasons* why.

Capricious Love delights in varied wiles,
And some by frowns he wins and some by smiles.
He some, like Gulliver, enchains by hairs,
And others with a golden bait ensnares.
But strange necessity his marriage brought,
When marriage farthest seem'd from Norman's thought.
For, when allured to life and hope again,
He felt in Ella's converse ease from pain,
Such mental pain as few could live to bear,
She came no more the hermit's grief to share,
And burning blushes flush'd her fading cheek,
When question'd, why, she "dress'd," the woods to seek.

In vain, at length, the wild bird charm'd the air,
The wild rose blossom'd, Ella was not there;
Whose look of gladness pour'd into his heart
A bliss lone nature never could impart.

Despite his mood ascetic—from his shade,
So long his shelter, anxious Norman stray'd;
While wondering neighbours mark'd his bashful air
And smil'd to see the solitary there.
Of various themes he talk'd, but yet his eye
Was fix'd in deep abstraction—he would fly

Away from subjects he himself had broached,
While distant topics suddenly encroach'd.
At length, among the gossip of the place,
He heard, by chance, what foiled his art to trace.
The star of his lone heaven was waning fast,
His flower of life was bending to the blast,
And he might hope no more on earth to see
The only living thing that touch'd his sympathy.

With care he question'd—learn'd the present source
Of danger to her, bent his thoughtful course,
Away, beneath the forest's wildest bowers,
To pluck the roots, and crop the healing flowers;
And then, by friendly hands, the gift convey'd
To her, for whom he toil'd, for whom he pray'd.

The prudent mother gave them as they came,
But cautiously concealed the giver's name.
In vain her care! the lips began to pale,
The lustrous glory of the eye to fail;
Delirium follow'd, and her fever'd brain
Restor'd her fancy to the wilds again;
And Norman's virtue, Norman's lessons hung,
In burning accents, on her ceaseless tongue.

The faithful African, whose tireless knee
Had been her resting place in infancy,
By nature taught, discern'd both bane and cure,
And said "no hand can remedies insure,
But that which pluck'd them.—Other hands may give
These draughts in vain—if Norman come, she'll live."

He came. Why tell, what all, who love, must know,
How fast the cure at first, at last how slow ?
For, when the roses of her welfare tell,
And love's physician takes his last farewell,
A single day of absence summons pain,
And brings the lily to the cheek again.

A buried love is sacred to the heart,
And cannot, save with bitter throes, depart.
It seems like treason to the flower that dies,
When love, to any living blossom, flies.
So Norman thought, when on his solitude
Officious memory struggled to intrude,
And brought him back to tenderness and tears,
For things and scenes of love's departed years.
But memory fled, and love usurp'd once more
An undivided sway, when, at her door,

He saw his Ella's eye with transport burn,
And graceful blushes welcome his return.
And, when she spoke of solitary hours,
Whose dreary movement, not her fairest flowers,
Her sweetest birds, could charm—he felt a throe,
He thought of pity—reader, was it so?
He could not doom her to a life of woe!

He mourn'd the indecision, which delay'd
Abrupt departure, 'till the simple maid
Had wreck'd her heart upon that gloomy shoal
Of bitter recollections—Norman's soul.
There was a fearful tale he long'd to tell,
But courage fail'd him ere the secret fell
From faltering tongue. He lov'd, alas, too well,
Too madly, and he could not bear to cast
His fate upon unwelcome truth at last.
Oh, had he trusted to that young heart's love,
He would have found the eagle in the dove,
Firm to her purpose, steadfast in her faith,
And where her heart approv'd, his votary to death.
Alas, for Love! in all things else so brave,
Why should he be, to fear of change, a slave?

Man's wrath, the frown of fortune, he defies;
But from the shadow of indifference flies.

As happen'd oft before in Norman's fate,
He hesitated, 'till it was too late,
And, spite of living dread, and buried love,
And mystery untold, another dove
Folded its wings upon his fated breast,
In trustful happiness, and sank to rest.

Lone idlesse suits not Yankee wedded life,
A brood of cherubs makes a busy wife;
And husbands, too, must clear, and plough, and harrow,
And, to the farm, the sage's wisdom narrow.

With fields and labour, wealth and honours came;
The farmer soon attain'd the general's name,
And justice threw to him the reigns of law,
To keep the hard-mouth'd populace in awe.

Among the prisoners, few and far between,
Who broke the peace of that secluded scene,
One came, whose aspect told a life of crime,
Where passion's ploughshare did the work of time.

The proofs of guilt were clear.—Opinion, too,
Severely censur'd, for the crime was new

To regions where deliberate sin could plead
No strong impulsion from the hand of need.
Each witness lean'd, as usual in such cases,
Against the hapless wight, the law disgraces,
And public expectation, seldom just,
Too often cruel, to excesses thrust,
The venal counsel. But the judge, to win
A gentler feeling for the man of sin,
Each witness question'd, kindly to draw forth,
If possible, some little trait of worth.
There was a solemn tone in all he said,
But deepest, then, when of his wounded head
He strangely question'd. Had the heavy blow
Disturb'd his reason: "did he seem to know
The boundaries of right, or act like one,
Who fought for what he but esteem'd his own?"
A look of disappointed feeling pass'd
Across his face, as, baffled to the last,
He ceased to favour; while the restive crowd
Express'd disapprobation, aye, aloud.
The storm of eloquent contention o'er,
The judge, amidst his charge of legal lore,

Essay'd, with prefatory hints, to show
The gentlest shadows of the coming woe;
For he had been a sufferer, and he knew
To temper that which duty made him do.
He chiefly dwelt upon the culprit's wound—
Its influence on his mind.—There might be found
In that, perhaps, a reason for a crime,
So new, so useless, in that happy clime.
The charge was o'er—the verdict "guilty" given,
The welkin with applauses rudely riven,
And breathless with attention, all await
The "Court's" decision of the victim's fate.
Replying to the "Have you aught to plead,
Why sentence should not pass?" the prisoner said,
He hop'd the judge would lend his *private* ear
To what might much import his cause to hear.
"Express it openly," was the reply;
"We must irregularities deny."
"It cannot be; the *secret* should be known,
Important as it is, to you alone."
With hesitating air, the judge descends,
And, for a moment, o'er the prisoner bends,

But when he turn'd, to seek his usual place,
A death-like paleness overspread his face.
His eye seem'd fix'd—his step, infirm and slow,
Betoken'd keen extremity of woe;
And ere he reach'd the "bench," his frame gave way
And kind oblivion came his anguish to allay.

The prisoner saw, next day, the judge descend,
Bow'd by a secret dread, to be his friend,
To strain the law, to break his iron chain,
And let him loose, to practise crime again.
But vain the task of guilty compromise!
The scoundrel's claims in due proportion rise,
To slavish dread; and in his wealth to share,
The felon brought his jail-companions there;
Whose wild carousal, from his neighbours drew
Sad surmise of some dreadful truth they knew.
His friends remonstrate, and his wife bewails;
But all in vain! to shame his spirit quails;
And he, who would have brav'd the bursting shell,
Before the phantom of dishonour fell;
Pale, silent, moody, shunning, shunn'd by all,
Attentive solely to the ceaseless call

For "money, money;" till his friends were gone,
His store exhausted, and his wife alone,
Of all his rich possessions, left to share
His faded fortunes, and his dark despair.
But she, amidst that fearful wreck of mind,
Confiding still, not hopeless, but resign'd,
Like that lone flower, that bless'd the traveller's eye,
On Afric's sands, when just about to die,*

* "I saw myself," says Park, "in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depths of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals and men still more savage. * * * I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative, but to lie down and perish. * * * At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. * * * Though the whole plant was not longer than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and *I was not disappointed.*"—Travels, &c., in 1795, &c.; by Mungo Park, c. XIX.

She cheer'd his fainting soul with hope, and gave
The nerve to conquer, and the skill to save.

October's setting sun, with yellow ray,
Enrich'd the close of autumn's mellow day,
And soften'd light a graceful glory lent
To evening's cloud-enamel'd firmament;
While far below, the forest seem'd to be
The pictur'd sky's reflected scenery.
There yellow birch* exalts its saffron brow,
And scarlet oaks† their crimson honours show,
Red maple‡ there, profusely scatter'd round,
More brightly flushes on the verdant ground
Of clustering cedars. There the sombre pine
Contrasts the swamp-gum's§ Tyrian tinctur'd red,
And there, empurpled by the five-leaved vine,||
The lemon-colour'd¶ hickory rears its head.

* *Betula Excelsa.*

† *Quercus Robur.*

‡ *Acer Rubrum.*

§ *Tupelo.*

|| *Ampelopsis Quinquefolia.*

¶ *Carya.*

While shrub-like sumach* waving far below,
Blends with the dog-wood's red† its ruby glow.
In brilliant contrast foliage, foliage mocks,
And mosses even, on fantastic rocks,
Seem emulous of colours, such as, riven
From rainbows, might have glow'd before in heaven.

Winter may be sublime, and summer shed
A waving richness o'er the earth's dark bed,
And, flush'd with sweetness, zephyr-stirring spring
Salute the air with blossom-woven wing,
But, mournful autumn, how I love thy tone,
Exalted, forest-king, upon thy throne
Of many hues—thy prey, as other kings,
The sad magnificence of dying things.
The pride of conquer'd forests round thee glows,
And swan-like leaves seem sweetest at the close.
For taste, for joy, a gayer season choose,
But, child of sorrow, hither come to muse.
Oh, let the sentimental season fling
Its softness o'er thy harp's repining string,

* *Rhus Glabrum* and *Typhincum*.

† *Cornus Florida*.

And woo thee from thy solitary woes
To drop a soothing tear on nature's dying throes.
Long, long, had Norman's round unwinking eye
Been fasten'd on that fading scenery,
And bending chest, and pendent hands declare
The noble soul's immersion in despair,
Defeated reason's utter listlessness,
A grief too deep for knowledge of distress;
While she, his angel, gazing on his face,
In vain essay'd a thoughtful line to trace.

“O Norman, Norman, why should we despair,
Amid these passing glories of the year;
For which there's none to weep! oh, who would be
A leaf, to die, unknown to sympathy.

How sweetly moralising White* has said,

‘The autumn-leaf is sear and dead,

It floats upon the water's bed;

I would not be a leaf to die,

Without recording sorrow's sigh!’ ”

“Who'll sigh for me—for blasted Norman, who?
What feeling tear his hated grave bedew?

* Henry Kirk White.

No ! let no friendly hand upheave his mound,
But ploughshares level the dishonour'd ground—
That none may ask, nor children blush to hear,
' Whose tomb is that ? ' ”

“ A—fel—on's buried there.”

“ A felon ! Norman ! Norman ! cursed be
The tongue, though thine, that gives that name to thee !
Thou art no felon ! honour never sate
On any brow in more unquestion'd state.
Thy purity of soul too long I've seen
To think corruption ever there has been.
There is a drear delusion, which, of late,
Has bent thy spirit to the frown of fate:
Oh trust the fatal secret to thy wife,
My husband—friend—for thee I'd give my life !
Nay, do not spurn me from thee—never ! never !
Can aught but death thy fate from mine dis sever.
Oh, by the wild-wood love, which first I knew,
When, led by thee, I brush'd the morning dew;
Oh, by the helpless pledges of our love,
Back to our Ark !—we have no other dove !
By Him who made this sweet and soothing scene,
Oh, be to us, what He to thee has been.

I am no Eve to tempt my lord to sin,
To this dear Eden let no serpent in."

Such were her words, but how can poet tell
The thrilling tones that *melodiz'd* the spell;
Or who describe the more than mortal grace
That wav'd in passion's hand, and glow'd in beauty's face.

To sullen Norman's wounded soul there came,
Thro' care's dark clouds, that spirit-waking flame,
And, as he listen'd to her eloquence,
Return'd again the sage's conquer'd sense,
And tears, whose burning fountains long were dry,
Glisten'd again in sorrow's faded eye.

"My guardian angel!" more he could not say;
Emotion swept all utterance away;
And, struggling with the strong, habitual spell
Of dark distrust, into her arms he fell.

The long, long pause evinc'd the mortal strife
Of him who gaz'd, in doubt, upon his wife;
And she, inviting hope, yet chill'd by dread,
A spirit seem'd, just startled from the dead;
So pale, so cold, so breathless, so intense,
The seeming lifelessness of keen suspense.

A breeze may stir the waves, a storm may sweep
Gigantic billows o'er the angry deep,
But, when the hurricane careers at will,
The surges quail, the whiten'd sea is still.

PART THIRD.

“I WOKE, my love, from fearful dreams, but not
To perfect consciousness. A clouded spot
Hung on my soul's horizon. All to me
Of past seem'd wrapp'd in painful mystery.—
There was a grave before me; wife and child,
They said, repos'd beneath; and drear, and wild,
And scorn'd appear'd the place. The stranger's tomb
Had, as it always has, a careless gloom,
That harmonised with my lone heart, and there
I watch'd, and wept, and, with consoling care,
Collected flowers, it little matter'd where,
To grace that desert-spot, than all the world more dear.
I never turn'd my watchful eyes away
From that unguarded house of death, by day,
Lest beasts, or men less feeling, should deface
The marks of love, and desecrate the place:

But, when the gentle eyes of screening night
Look'd soothingly from heaven, with wild delight,
I left them there to watch, and o'er the waste,
The shadowy forms of madden'd fancy chas'd;
Or, guided by congenial lightnings, found
The sweetest shrubs to deck the sacred ground.
One stormy eve, when not a star was set
In night's drench'd pinions of unmingled jet,
And, flashing upwards from the streaming plain,
Reflected lightnings flush'd the clouds again,
My soul exulted. O'er the fields I fled,
For none, on such a night, would harm the dead;
And I might safely yield me to the vein
Of vague desire for motion, to which pain,
Extremest pain is pleasure.—On I flew,
'Till lofty walls obstructed course and view.—
I reach'd their top, and saw a garden fair,
Whose plants, distributed with graceful care,
Look'd wildly up beneath the lightning's glare.
Among the flowers, the plant to Scotchmen dear
Above all others when their home is near,

But priceless when afar, the *thistle* grew,
And from my lifted spirit loudly drew
Exulting shouts ; for then I hop'd to save,
With fitting emblems, Scottish Emma's grave
From desecration.—Down I leap'd, and flew
To seize my prize, and easily withdrew,
From cultur'd earth, the thorny flowers, and then
With transport ran to bury them again.
Another stormy night, I sought the place,
But men and dogs were there.—The fearful chase
Was long and doubtful ; but at length they found
My breathless body on the precious mound,
To which alone I fled, when sure of death.—
I stagger'd thither, that my latest breath
Might there exhale.—The dashing rain restor'd
My strength and senses. With a wrested sword
I fought as if for life, and blood was shed,
But not to death ; and my pursuers fled.
Returning soon with added force, they caught
Me unawares, and to the prison brought
My almost lifeless frame.—To tell were vain
The dreary tale of trial, sentence, pain—
Months pass'd, and I awoke to thought again.

“ I found the stranger’s grave—but oh ! how lone
And ruin’d seem’d it ! Mound and flowers were gone !—
Tho’ weak and sorrow-stricken, long I strove
Its sickening desolation to improve,
And then I turn’d me to the lonely west,
And found, in forest-gloom, a sad congenial rest.

“ Thou know’st the sequel. Oh ! that I had thrown
My dark heart open, ere thy soul had known
The fierce extreme of love. But, when there came
The dying evidence of passion’s flame,
I could not bear to blight the only flower
That bloom’d within my heart’s forsaken bower ;
I could not live to quench the only ray
That beam’d along my soul’s deserted way.
Without thee, I had been that nothingness
Which hope deserts, and memory cannot bless,
Incappable of joy, unconscious of distress.”

Of sorrow and of wrong, the ingenuous tale
Came as the night-dew to the arid vale,
To purge the air, invigorate the soil,
And *doubly* bless the peasant’s healthful toil !

That tale unlock'd the anguish-burden'd breast
Of him who spoke, while sweet as downy nest
To wandering dove, when droops its youngest wing,
It brought a balm to Ella's sorrowing.

The last faint trace of day had ceas'd to smile
On lengthen'd Alleghany's waving pile,
And clouds, so lately bath'd in golden light,
Were softly silver'd by the queen of night;
And one by one, in autumn's deep blue sky,
The stars put forth their brightest blazonry.
O'er darken'd vales the mountain shadows slept,
Through dying leaves the mournful zephyr's swept;
The night hawk's scream, the moan of whip-poor-will, '
The cricket's cry, the tree frog's cadenc'd trill;
The panther's hungry howl, the wolf's wild bay,
The screech-owl's requiem o'er departed day,
Conspire to cast o'er western night a tone,
To other lands, however wild, unknown.
The very clearness of the air is drear,
It seems to bring the awful blue so near;
And that wild light is just enough to show
The wildest shapes of wildest things below—

We feel as if too near the panther's swoop,
We pause to hear the Indian's mortal whoop ;
The dead-grass, rustling in the fitful gale,
Suggests the rattlesnake's envenom'd trail ;
And giant bats, with flick'ring pinions near,
Seem restless spirits from another sphere.
Despite her love, despite her faith, there fell
On Ella's heart the scene's depressing spell,
And Norman's furrow'd bosom felt again
The trenching tide of thought's habitual pain.
She did not doubt—but would the *world* confide ?
Must she its alter'd look of scorn abide,
And, ah ! far worse, behold the blush of shame
Suffuse her children's cheek, at Norman's name.
That name, so link'd with love's entrancing dream,
That name, embalm'd in reason's high esteem,
That name, round which, in clustering beauty glow,
The flowers of joy, the balm for every woe.—
There was no bud of promise—fruit of bliss—
No earthward good—no heavenward happiness—
Which seem'd a boon to her, if 'twere not also his.—

The cup of pleasure sparkled to the brim,
When pledg'd in sweet companionship with him;
And joy seem'd only joy, when Norman's face,
Illum'd with smiles, inspir'd the unbought grace,
Which sense and sentiment alone bestow,
To lift the heart from earth, or sky-tint all below.

Still darker thoughts career'd through Norman's brain,
Till thought itself became exhausting pain;
And he, like holy men on Olive's steep,
Who vainly strove their master's watch to keep,
In sadness slept, for grief prolong'd will bring,
When too intense, a feverish slumbering.—
But she, a very woman, could not sleep,
While none were left o'er him a watch to keep.
Though sore fatigue from aidless labour press'd
With treble force, upon her care-worn breast;
And sleep's oblivious antidote might bring
Both strength to toil, and balm to suffering,
The tireless heart of love repuls'd repose,
And, as the *mortal* sank, the *angel* rose.

The moon had swung her lamp in middle air,
And still he slumber'd on his grassy lair;

Her downward journey through the western sky,
Still mark'd the watcher's solitary eye.

The earthward air obscures her silver light,

Her lurid face frowns fiercely on the night;

And prowling things instinctively retire,

As if affrighted at her disc of fire.—

So huge, so crimson, so unearthly, stood

The setting moon above the vast dark wood.—

A moment more, and sombrous silence reigns

On waveless forests, and on slumbering plains;

The very winds are hush'd in dread repose,

And terror sleeps, forgetful of his foes.

But, hark ! what sounds invade the silent air,
To rouse again her almost sooth'd despair !

“That wild carousal ! God of mercy, send
Some generous heart, my husband to defend !

Oh ! shield him, shield him.”—But the heartfelt prayer
Was roughly check'd; the fiend himself was there,
To laugh to scorn her love, to mock her bitter tear.

“Where's Norman ? Prayest thou for him ? 'Tis well !
He needs more prayers than thine, as I can tell !

Why joins he not our revels? Is he proud,
The beggar! He abhors the common crowd?
We'll make him humbler yet! Ho, Norman, up!
Come, sluggard, to the bowl, the wassail-cup
Is charg'd for you!—How soundly sleeps the knave,
When my rough hand can't rouse him! Well, we'll have
His fair one then! Come, woman, you must go,
I hear my drunken messmates' loud halloo!"

"Unhand me, wretch! Oh! Norman, Norman, save,
Oh! save me, husband, from this felon-slave."

"A felon-slave! Ah, ha! he's *blown* us then!
The villain's *blabb'd* the secrets of the *den*!
What, ho! my men! there's treason! we're betray'd!
Woman, you'll rue the day that you were made!
Such secrets are a more than dangerous trust:
No tales are told by caution-cover'd dust!
What, ho!—No comers? How the fellows bawl!
Their ears are muffled to a common call!
I'll rouse them!"

At the word, his whistle, clear,
Broke the dread silence of the distant air.—

He listen'd long. No kindred sound was heard,
Save the wild note of some benighted bird:
But still the uproar came, of whoop, and song,
And oath, and scream, from that infernal throng.

“No answer yet! We'll see what this will do!”
And from his belt the signal-pistol flew.—
The crimson flash display'd his face of steel,
And forest echoes magnified the peal.—
But still in vain! Absorb'd in wine and strife,
Their orgie deepen'd, even to the knife.

“What! must I act alone!—’Tis best alone!
The solitary crime will not be known;
And Norman sleeps too soundly to prevent
His wife's destruction, or his punishment.
The first, the traitor's bitter death shall feel,
And she shall see his heart's blood on the steel—
Then die herself.”

As thus he broach'd his scheme,
His mutter'd words excited Norman's dream,
And seem'd, as visions often do, to bind,
More firmly to its sleep, the tortur'd mind.

He thought he saw his helpless partner kneel
In vain, to deprecate the lifted steel;
He seem'd to see his children, too, expire,
Beneath the dagger of the felon's ire,
And wonder'd why his limbs in vain essay'd
Their rescue, why his tongue refus'd its aid
To sue for mercy, though his aching heart
Seem'd ready from his throbbing breast to start.
Nay, more ! he thought he felt the ruffian's knife,
Just reeking with the life-blood of his wife,
Just hot from infant-slaughter, touch his breast,
While not a finger mov'd the blade to wrest.

But Ella's prayer of faith, when hope had failed,
Though short and broken, fearfully prevail'd;
For, just as groping for the mortal part,
The fiend had really found poor Norman's heart,
And rais'd his arm to deal the deadly blow,
He paus'd to listen to a growl so low,
That only practis'd ears like his could hear—
For nothing sharpens sound like guilty fear.

“Hist, Hector! pup! where are you? down! lie still!”

A deeper growl made every fibre thrill.

A sudden rush—a spring—the panther's cry,
In savage grandeur, echo'd through the sky.
The kneeling figure caught the prowler's view,
And on his prey his massive form he threw.

The cry—the crash—destroy'd the sleeper's spell,
And up he sprang, as down the felon fell.

It was a fearful struggle. Now the steel
Made, as his yell express'd the monster feel;
And now, the fasten'd tooth-hold rous'd the cry
Of that hard man's reluctant agony.
Above, below, as force or fate prevail'd,
Each, in his turn, his struggling foe assail'd.
The grinding fangs, the knife's vindictive crash,
The rending claw, the eye's envenom'd flash,
The growl, the groan, the curse, the hissing breath,
The long wild howl—and all was still as death.

At length, with cautious step, and searching eye,
Bewilder'd Norman slowly ventur'd nigh,
Halloo'd, but vainly; nearer still he drew;
Halloo'd again.

“Ho, Harden, is it you?”

I'll try my foot; but yet 'tis hardly wise,
A wounded panther crouches to surprise."
Again he call'd—and then, with cautious dread,
Impell'd his foot against the panther's head—
It mov'd not, for the fiery beast was dead.
More cautiously he sought for signs of life
In Harden's frame.—It was a fearful strife.—
He answer'd not the call; no mutter'd curse
Follow'd the blow—it was his last reverse.

The stirring interest of the darkling fray,
Had swept from Norman's thoughts his dream away;
But now it burst revulsively again,
On throbbing bosom, and on burning brain.
His children, in their grandsire's distant trust,
Could not have felt the ruffian's deadly thrust;
But his dear wife, who never left his side,
In weal or woe, what evil could betide!
He surely heard, for aid, her plaintive cry,
And that relentless monster's stern reply.
Perplex'd, his baffled eyes perus'd the ground,
As if her prostrate form might there be found;

Then darkly scann'd the overhanging air,
As if he sought her angel-spirit there.

In vain he pierc'd the solitary shade,
As slowly from the scene of death he stray'd;
But paus'd, as burst upon his startled eye,
In darkling outline, seen against the sky,
A form immoveable. Its long loose hair
Wav'd in the eddies of the waking air;
With arms extended and with forward head,
It aim'd a silent rifle at the dead.
E'en Norman's fearless tide of life ran chill,
It stood, so like a statue, mute and still,
As if intent, Apollo-like, to know,
How sped the shaft, that flew to pierce the foe.

"There are no spectres surely? Can it be
Another dream?—I'll solve this mystery!"

He nearer drew; but still the mystic shade,
The same dark, moveless, sky-drawn image made.
He hail'd it gently then. No answer came;
But there it stood immoveably the same.
He call'd aloud, and started at his cry,
For only darkling echo made reply.

His nerves could bear no more. He would have fled,
But like a snake-charm'd bird, his very dread
Entic'd him nearer; till, at length, he laid,
Despite himself, his hand upon the shade.
It gave a piercing shriek, the rifle peal'd,
And Ella's flash-illumin'd face reveal'd.
She fell, entranc'd, into his trembling arms,
And rais'd in Norman's bosom new alarms.

“My Ella, dearest Ella! speak to me!

One word, one word, 'Twere worth a world, from thee!”

Though long the burden'd heart's pulsations fail'd,
Assiduous care and time at length prevail'd.

He watch'd the guggling breath, the quivering breast,
The fearful sob, the yet more fearful rest.

Sigh follow'd sigh; one moan impell'd another;
'Till came at last a child-like cry, “my mother!”

It was too much to bear; and Norman wept,
When to his breast the unconscious Ella crept,
Like nestling to the sheltering wing of love,
When floods the rain upon the parent dove.
“My mother!” What a chain of blissful thought
Is in that home-endearing sentence wrought!

Is there on earth a melody so dear,
As that sweet sound to gentle childhood's ear?
My mother soothes my grief, refines my bliss,
And asks but what I love to give—a kiss.
Aye, though the truant heart of manhood stray,
To other charms and other friends away;
The memory of a mother's love, at last,
Returns, like bread on Nile's rich waters cast,
To prove the solace of the stricken heart,
When sorrows come, and hope's gay dreams depart.
There's not a *wither'd leaf* that does not yield
Undying odours, when thro' childhood's field
Of sunny days and ever blooming sweets,
To hail a mother's smile the cloudless memory fleets
 The day, long wish'd for, beam'd on Ella's face,
And on the pallid cheek the eye could trace,
The tinting tide of life's returning stream;
Though still her shatter'd mind pursued its dream.
"Mother, dear mother!" and she sweetly smil'd,
As if again a mother's playful child.
"Mother, dear mother, bend your gentle brow
A little lower, I would kiss it now.

Nay ! do not shrink ! it is a daughter's kiss !
I am no Judas ! This and this and this !
Now for the flowers ! How well that head will show,
When crimson roses flush upon its snow."

She wildly woke and kiss'd his ghastly cheek,
And bounded off, the promis'd buds to seek,
While horror-stricken Norman could not rise,—
He saw the flash of madness in her eyes,
And anxiously observ'd her as she fled,
Straight to the spot where lay the bloody dead;
Unconscious of their presence, till her foot
Was placed, as if to spring across the brute.
She stood spell-bound by Harden's stony face,
Where every deadly passion kept its place;
Not living signals floating, each alone,
Expression changing with the varied tone
Of that bad mind; but like the painted leaves,
Which to the earth the fading forest heaves,
The passions mingled, not confounded lie,
Rage in the frown, and malice in the eye;
Contempt for goodness, in the reckless sneer,
And hatred of whatever man holds dear,

Thron'd on the curling lip, while fiercely shown,
The serried teeth express'd revenge alone;
And strangely over all, the marble smile
Was veil-like cast, by his unceasing guile.
The knife, hilt-deep, obey'd his stiffen'd clasp,
The monster's tongue yet wrinkled in his grasp:
His knees were forc'd against the dinted chest,
His wary feet, the hinder claws repress;
And in his mouth remained the gory wreck
Of skin and hair extorted from the neck.
His reckless courage failed him not in death,
And self-possession clos'd with closing breath.
The panther's blood bedew'd his clammy face,
The panther's arms bestow'd the last embrace;
He died, as he had liv'd, a brutal "brave,"
With none to close his eyes, with none to mark his grave.

While Ella, terror-stricken, scann'd the face,
In whose stern features madness' self might trace
The harden'd marks of passion, now no more,
As lavas frown, where mountains flam'd of yore;
Across her face, confus'd emotions rush,
Now terror's chill is there, now triumph's flush,

As foamless waves contrasted shadows take
 From sunset-skies, when stirs the breezy lake.
 Her tender frame the strife could illy* brook,
 And painful languor grew in every look;
 Until the calm of mere exhaustion cast
 A quietness across her face at last;
 And feebly mirror'd in her countenance,
 Was seen again the spirit's conscious glance.
 The very waves that wreck'd his bark before,
 May cast the struggling seaman to the shore;
 And passion's sudden tempests, tho' they blind
 The shatter'd reason, oft restore the mind.—

My mother! Gone!—Alone? what am I?—Where?
 It was a dreadful dream! Ha! Harden there!
 And dead! A panther too! Oh, Norman, why
 Desert me thus, in such an agony?
 Perchance too, he is dead!—I'll know the worst;
 On such a scene 'twere well *that* cloud should burst:

* This is called an Americanism, but like many others is but
 an adherence to good old English examples—

“But when she saw her reason illy spent.”

DRYDEN'S *ÆNEID*, vii, 524.

I'll find thee yet—though dead, 'twill comfort be,
My broken-hearted love, to gaze on thee,
And lay my aching head upon thy breast,
And pillow'd coldly there, subside to rest.
I feel, when thou art gone, like orphan-dove
When dies, by murderous gun, the parent-love,
And leaves the nest to coldness, want and dread.
Oh, desolate indeed, if thou, if thou art dead !”

Though Norman heard the harrowing appeal,
And every sentence seem'd a barb of steel,
He feared to speak, lest reason, scarce restor'd,
Might flutter back to madness, at a word :
But as she turn'd her searching eye around,
It flash'd upon him, while the cry, “found ! found !”
Rang thro' the air.

“My love, my life, my own !
Oh, God of mercy ! I am not alone !—
His face is cold, his eye is dim, but yet
His heart is throbbing, and his cheek is wet
With tears for me. I thought my lot before
Was hard, though thou wert near ; but now, no more

My grateful soul repines : since Norman still
Remains for me, I fear no other ill.
Aye, like the child who thinks the modest ray
Of night's fair queen unborrow'd from the day,
I knew not till I deem'd my husband gone,
How much of bliss I owed to him alone.—
But come, my love, escape this scene, for here
There's nought to hope, and far too much to fear !”

Thus saying, on she led, until they drew
Near to the house, where lay the sleeping crew,
Whom sheer excess had silenc'd—crimson faces
Yet glow'd with apoplexy's threat'ning traces,
And some look'd pale, as if the frighten'd blood
Had pour'd upon the heart its total flood.
The earth and shatter'd porch were cover'd o'er
With men and bottles, pistols, dirks and gore.

Spirit of Drunkenness, it was thy feast,
That, Circe-like, transform'd the man to beast,
To sport for beasts. Upon thy blasting breath,
Thy willing victim hastes to hideous death.
At first, on pleasure's glossy wings he flies
Through dewy glades beneath unclouded skies ;

Health brac'd to madness, nerves the heart for glee,
And rainbows flush the air, and halcyons gem the sea.
A glittering throng, companions of the way,
Love, Music, Friendship, round the doom'd one play :
Enraptur'd Hope, exalted Fancy glow,
With colours borrow'd from the airy bow :
Unwelcome Prudence, drench'd in Passion's spring,
In vain essays for flight her heavy wing :
Lo ! frowning Conscience, next, unheeded falls ;
For succour, vainly, flagging Honour calls :
Love shrinks from Jealousy's malignant eyes,
And Hate, when Friendship calls for help, replies.
The faery forms of gentle Nature gone,
The lost one flies with Hell's fierce brood alone :
Grim Vengeance, flushing Anger, watchful Hate,
Envy and Malice on his progress wait :
Want, sickness, cruelty and Crime are there,
And selfish Indolence, and wild Despair,
Who wreathes in livid folds his wasted frame,
And breathes into his heart a quenchless flame.
In vain, in vain, he turns his backward view
To fields of light and balm from which he flew :

The pestilential gale unnerves his force,
And gathers strength along its baneful course.
Amidst the growing gloom, by fits, appear,
In mystic light, sweet faces, once how dear !
The broken hearted wife, in death's pale dress,
To jeering fiends proclaims unearn'd distress :
The poor, neglected babe, though glazed its eye,
Still points to hungry lips, and sends a wailing cry.
On terror's icy wings he turns to flee ;
But ah ! that form, upon the felon's tree,
With dark and bloated face, and quivering frame !
It is his son—to death and public shame
A sacrifice ! It gibbers out, “ the bowl !!
I trod thy footsteps, be it on thy soul ! ”
The father turns again to flee, but Hate
Exulting cries, “ too late ! too late ! too late !
Imperishable mind might strength renew,
But poison'd draughts have shed their deadly dew
On heart and brain ; the wither'd carcase lies
A load upon the spirit, and——it dies ! ”

PART FOURTH.

THERE was a conscious flush in Norman's face,
At such a wreck of tumult and disgrace;
But, as he lifted up his searching eye,
To read his wife's, with jealous scrutiny,
He almost started at the open look,
Where lurk'd reproach in not a single nook.
Affectionate suspicion, eagle-ey'd,
No shadow of a doubting heart espied.
There, sat enthron'd the love that could not die—
The faith that saw, behind the clouds, the sky,
Still beautifully blue, still richly dight
With stars, that borrow'd from the soul the light
They seem'd to shed; as gems reflect the ray
With added lustre, back upon the day.
The scatter'd weapons, gather'd up in haste,
With prudent care into the well were cast;

The steeds were saddled and the spur applied,
With anxious impulse, to the courser's side,
And home and hazard soon were lost to view,
As through the shrubless woods the riders flew.

At length the forests wave behind, and near
The chimneys of a long, low house appear :
It was her father's hospitable dome,
It was of childhood's sunny hours the home ;
Her children's shelter, too, and yet with fear
Her heart approach'd to what it held so dear.
The clouds that scarce, when distant, dim the sky,
Obscure the universal arch when nigh ;
And she, who urg'd the courser's utmost speed,
So fondly anxious with her sire to plead,
While forests wav'd between, no sooner found
Herself within her parent's well known ground,
Than courage wither'd, and the tighten'd rein
Betray'd the lapses of her hope again.
The gallop slacken'd to a trot, a pace,
A walk, a sudden pause ; the speaking face
Display'd successively, doubt, fear, despair ;
The very wormwood of the heart was there.

'Twas but an instant there—away, away,
With flashing eye and flushing cheek she flies ;

The mother's transport bore a moment's sway,
A moment snatch'd by Time from Paradise.

The lengthen'd table on the shaded lawn
Was roughly set, as day began to dawn,
And every thing bespoke a rural fête,
Except the air solicitous, that sate
On busy faces. Even the careless slave,
So joyous ever, thoughtful now and grave,
Confess'd hereditary love, in grief,
Which, for his own mishap, had been more brief.
He seem'd, whilst sharing in his master's woe,
To feel less child-like fortune's angry blow ;
As if the love, that to his bosom flew
From cultur'd sources, brought its venom too.
E'er since, in Eden, knowledge from the tree
Of fruit forbidden curs'd humanity,
Eve's children feel the weight of curious thought,
To human things, with mortal sorrow fraught.
Aye, knowledge borrows from its lofty source,
For earthly things a superhuman force,

Which, like the lightning on its midnight path,
But brightens most the victims of its wrath.

Who mark'd the rugged men who gather'd there,
Might think they came their conquests to compare.
The tripping youth, with light short rifle, bore
The scalps of squirrels, bullet-stamp'd before :
The bending sire, whose head was white with years,
With antlers at his saddle-bow appears :
One flings a reeking bear-skin o'er a bush ;
Another decks his cap with reynard's brush ;
Opossums, pheasants, quails, are strew'd around ;
Raccoons, hawks, eagles, turkeys stain the ground :
Each brought some offering from the earth or air,
To prove his skill, or swell the festive fare.

Incongruously wild in every part,
Their garb might well defy descriptive art ;
For linsy-woolsy, skins, and half-made leather,
As whim or use directed, grouped together,
Defied all fashion, and kept out all weather.
And yet, who mark'd the air of perfect ease,
The noble features, form'd to strike and please,

Might fancy this a motley masquerade,
Where high bred men the characters displayed.

The salutations o'er, the question rose,
"Who may the cause of meeting here disclose ?
Have wolves, or bears, or foxes spoil'd the folds;
Do panthers foray from their rocky holds;
Does war-paint coat the Indian's dusky hide;
Do prowling bands across the frontier glide;
Is danger near, or are we call'd to see
The marriage rite, or funeral obsequy?"

The sire of Ella answer'd. Manly sense
Was grac'd, despite his years, with eloquence,
As common to the people and the time,
As if the offspring of the glorious clime,
And yet more glorious nature. Lofty thought,
Like eaglet from its sun-bright aerie brought,
Soar'd up, as if its native home it sought;
And language, fluent as the father-stream,
And varied as the Autumn's gorgeous gleam,
Echoed from heart to heart, as woods to woods
Repeat the thunder-crash in startled solitudes.

At first he spoke of olden time, when there,
They fought the Indian, and subdued the bear;
And, in the log-built temple, knelt to pray,
While rifles, loaded for the sudden fray,
The door-way cluster'd; when the ploughman's eye
Now mark'd the furrow, now the coppice nigh,
For profit or for foes; and children, taught
The early use of weapons, bravely fought,
To save a mother's home. Such dangers drew
Near to each other's hearts the faithful few,
Who swept before the axe the fruitless gloom
Of forest shadows, and enrich'd with bloom
Of field and garden, that enchanting land,
Where gleams no more at night the prowling Indian's
brand.

He trac'd the progress of the "settlement,"
From when he pitch'd amid the woods his tent—
And mark'd the trees, which stand aloof to show
The faithful record of the axe's blow,
Unerring landmarks—to the present hour,
Of wealth and safety, happiness and power.

He sought occasion, as events arose
Along his tale, the virtues to disclose
Of old and young, forgetting not the brave,
The wise and good, whom valour could not save,
Nor conduct rescue from an early grave.
The various peril of the infant state
Gave scope some wondrous action to relate,
Of all who listen'd. Each had had his share
Of public service, or in peace, or war,
And most had borne an office, all could show a scar.
Though much the patriarch himself had serv'd
The common cause, on that alone reserv'd,
He scarcely glanc'd, but did not fail to tell
How often Norman hush'd the fearful yell
Of savage foes, and turn'd the deadly flood
Of desolation back upon the wood :
How oft he track'd, with keen, unerring ken,
The tender infant to the forest-den,
And pluck'd it from the red man's iron hands,
When fierce tormentors heap'd the burning brands ;
And spite of thronging foes and whistling lead,
And blood from recent wounds profusely shed,

Eluding native skill and tireless hate,
He fainted—only at the white man's gate,
Where, pale with hope deferred, the weeping mother sate.
The speaker barely hinted many a deed
Of well-tim'd kindness in the hour of need,
Lest envy, wak'd by wounded pride, should start
From slumber, and possess the hearer's heart.
He rather dwelt on good received, not given;
How each for Norman's growing fame had striven;
And how, until his late reverses, he
Disparag'd not their tried sagacity.
He drew the picture of his palmy state,
The lot that seem'd beyond the reach of fate,
Built on the people's love, an honest heart,
And wisdom, destitute of selfish art;
Health, time, and treasure, for the public use,
And arduous office, long without abuse.
He then portray'd his present desolation,
The loss of wealth, respect, and friends, and station,
And wonder'd what could cause the fearful fall
Of one so much, so long esteem'd by all.

He saw around him men both good and wise,
Who look'd not out with inconsiderate eyes;
Who, train'd by trials, taught by hopes deceiv'd,
In Norman's often tested truth believ'd,
And *yet* believed; for while his fortune, thrown
To worthless men, had been *his* loss alone,
He yet, with signs of deep disgust, withdrew
From other converse with the hateful crew.
A dread delusion only could explain
The sudden drag of fate's disastrous chain,
And that delusion was——

“My daughter, tell,”

He cried, “to those good neighbors what befel
Last night, and how the hoarded secret, wrung
By you from Norman's too reluctant tongue,
Demands our sympathy, and not our blame;
Come, daughter, vindicate a husband's fame!”

The simple, eloquent, affecting tale,
In trembling beauty's language, did not fail
To touch most deeply, hearts, whose cords of love,
Attemper'd by the Master-hand above,

Were yet responsive; for the world had not
Its brood of heartless passions gather'd to the spot.

'Twas balm to Ella's bosom, as she heard
From each successively, a soothing word;
And hope, who long had left invading care
To plough his furrows o'er her forehead fair,
Return'd to plant her own sweet flowrets there.

There was but one, amidst the scene of bliss,
Accomplish'd for a darker theme than this;
And he was Norman's rival, not in arms,
Or unpaid service; absent in alarms,
But ever present in the civil crowd,
A noisy demagogue, the loudest of the loud.
Like waves, that rise above the level sea
By sinking on each side a cavity,
His art ascendant was detraction's skill,
That darken'd virtue to emblazon ill.
Cold, callous, cunning, unbelov'd by any,
His active venom made him fear'd by many.
They could repulse the Indian, track the bear,
The trembling victim from the panther tear;

But where's the barrier to the viewless breeze,
That wafts its poison from the vine-girt trees! *
His eye was sunken: o'er his narrow brow
His hair descended, coarse and black and low;
His freckled cheeks, untinted by the rose,
Seem'd scarcely sever'd by his thread-like nose;
His lipless mouth, a long and narrow line,
To cheek or chin did not a curve incline;
Expression's organs, tutor'd to obey,
Had ceased to kindle on his face of clay:
Condens'd within his heart his muzzled passions lay.
Though quick aversion started at his mien,
They look'd again, who once his face had seen;
But 'twas the glance of circumspective care,
Like his who treads the noiseless serpent's lair.
He car'd not for affection; fear could move
The abject to his will, as well as love;
And nature taught him the terrific art
To charm, by snake-like fear, the feeble heart.

* The *Rhus toxicodendron* is so poisonous to some persons as to affect them injuriously whenever they approach it to leeward.

He mov'd not, till, by fervid acclamation,
The crowd resolv'd to render back his station
To prostrate Norman; then he slowly rose,
And begg'd for leave his reasons to disclose,
“ Why he must from his wiser friends dissent,
And mar an unity so kindly meant :
Their noble natures had been led astray
By beauty, tears, and masterly display :
They could not else the public good betray !
What convict ever thinks his sentence just ;
And who, to such defence, can wisely trust ?
What proofs are offer'd for this sudden plea ?
His tale believ'd, might prove insanity
In those who trust it only !—Here confess'd,
A legal felon ; who will vouch the rest ?
His recent conduct, too—is that so pure,
That we must Norman's rule again endure !
What ! friends deceiv'd ; official justice gone ;
A horde of felons to our precincts drawn,
A fortune wasted, children left to be
The prey of want, or care of charity :

Are these the props on which he rests his claim
To brighten'd fortunes and a rescued name?
Methinks I hear you cry, for shame! for shame!"

"'Twas sad to see the subtle venom dart
From him who spoke, to many a better heart;
And sadder still to scan the wither'd look,
As startled hope poor Ella's face forsook :
Nor that, nor tears, nor mute appeals abate
The cool, collected speaker's settled hate.
He felt the weight of Norman's worth too long,
To pardon contrast treasur'd as a wrong.
With skill minute he urg'd his varied pleas
To various tempers and to all degrees :
The sparks of envy of forgotten days
Were all unash'd and blown into a blaze ;
Unnotic'd passages of other times,
To jealous self love magnified to crimes,
Unlock'd the springs of bitterness that lie
Too near the wells of human sympathy ;
And ruin seem'd complete ; when, with a start,
The speaker paus'd ; his hand is on his heart ;

His pallid cheek is yet more deadly pale,
As if the springs of life began to fail.
A stranger is before him ; not in guise,
Or posture to explain that wild surprise ;
But, simply clad in bison robes, he stood
Aloof, as if unwilling to intrude ;
And yet, though distant, with a practis'd ear,
And deep attention, lean'd as if to hear.

The sudden pause, the wild and ashy face,
The searching eye thus fasten'd on the place
Where stood the hunter, drew all other eyes,
And each partook the orator's surprise.

“ Who comes ? What cause for such unearthly dread ?
He seems no apparition from the dead !
Health sparkles in his ruddy cheek ; that eye
Its blue *might* borrow from the purest sky,
But sure that *frame* has never seen decay,
And hostile spirits dare not thus the day ! ”

The comer, as they question'd, drew more near,
While, at each step, a deeper shade of fear
The trembler's visage marr'd. The stranger took
His rifle from its sling, and roughly shook

The heart-struck caitiff; but his death-like trance
Absorb'd all feeling, and, with moveless glance,
He gaz'd upon the vacant spot, where first
The prairie-hunter on his vision burst.
His aimless hand, in tremulous distress,
Seem'd searching through the foldings of his dress;
And they who knew him, deem'd the hardy stranger
Too near his knife, and caution'd him of danger.
He calmly smil'd.

“The weapon he shall show
Must give himself,” he said, “a fatal blow.
Come, sir! the paper!”

“Paper?”

“Aye, the one
We spoke of last, when set the evening sun.
Your darkling aim, alas, was but too true;
But *I* am living, whom you *thought* you slew.”

“Not dead? not dead!—I saw you strike the floor!
I heard them say the pulse of life was o'er!
No spirit this?”—and then a thoughtful smile
Announc'd the advent of his usual guile.

His superstitious fear was gone, and he
Appear'd to find his equanimity;
And strove again to speak of that which late
Had been the topic of the first debate;
But inconsiderate eyes might plainly see
His matter lack'd its keen congruity;
As if his absent spirit were intent
On something foreign to the words he sent.

The awkward peroration o'er, he stood
A moment silent, in a thoughtful mood,
And then retreated, backwards, to the wood.
The stranger follow'd closely, foot by foot,
With rifle pois'd, as if about to shoot
The shrinking wretch, whose supplicating air,
And humble gesture urg'd him to forbear.
At length they reach'd the trees, and there, behind
Their cluster'd shelter, with the speed of wind,
The slender figure glided from the view,
And foil'd a marksman seldom found untrue.

The huntsman's rifle blaz'd.—From out the bushes,
With gleaming knife, the unhurt foeman rushes

Upon his victim, now unarm'd, and all
Prepare to see the baffled stranger fall;
For well the ire-directed skill they knew
Of him who seldom bloodless weapon drew.
Why falls the dagger from his quivering grasp!
In love he seems the hunter's form to clasp!
He reels, he faints, he cries for help; his vest
Is stain'd with gore—the blood-gush from his breast,
And Norman's smoking rifle tell the rest.

The eye could scarce the fatal sequence trace,
Ere, o'er the dying man, in warm embrace,
The friends were lock'd.—The ball of Norman came
To save his prairie-friend, and clear his fame.

To search the dying man the stranger flew,
And from his bleeding vest a paper drew,
Deep hidden there.—“These lines,” he cried, “declare
The name of Norman crimeless, honest, fair:
They come from hands who knew his hapless tale,
And must o'er any candid doubt prevail.

But lest there should a lurking spot remain,
The rescued honour of my friend to stain,

Let me recount my knowledge of his lot,
And how of late, revisiting the spot
Where last we parted, I was haply led
To trace the course of him I mourn'd as dead.
Nay, more; I learn'd from him he justly slew,
This fallen wretch, that Norman dwelt with you.
I heard from him of high and palmy state;
Of fortune gone, of mansion desolate;
And plac'd this precious paper in his trust;
And he to Norman promis'd to be just.
A lurking fear lest he, to whom I gave
The proofs of honour, might not wish to save,
Induc'd me thither.—God, who guides the wrath
Of man to praise him, led my devious path,
Last night, across this traitor's way, who said
My words were balm to Norman: he was dead,
And died a happier man because he knew
His fame was rescued, and his friend was true.
Deluded thus, I sought a forest-shed,
But scarce had cast me on my bison-bed,
When rang the woods, and, with a sudden yell,
My bleeding Indian guide upon me fell.

His hairy dress, so like my own, deceiv'd
The skulking marksman, and he still believ'd
Me slain, and therefore show'd such marks of dread
At sight of one he deem'd among the dead."

The feast was o'er, the smiling friends were gone,
And Ella, with her husband, sat alone.
A beaming happiness illum'd her face,
As, folding Norman in her proud embrace,
She poured the fulness of her bosom forth,
And gloried in the triumph of his worth.
No recollected pain, no future dread,
Their poison o'er that blissful moment shed.
A moment such as wedded love alone,
From earthly passions, wrests, as all its own;
Which hope emblazons not, nor memory pains,
Ambition gilds not, avarice never stains—
A moment snatch'd from rose-hued hours above,
Where other passions die, and nought is known but love.

E'en Norman's care-worn visage caught a beam
Of brightness from her soul's entrancing gleam;
Though, o'er his fine expressive features, play'd,
At times, the gloom of thought's habitual shade—

As if his many disappointments taught
That life's most honey'd draught with bitterness is fraught.
The fitful gleams that brighten'd o'er his face,
To settled melancholy grew apace ;
And ominous abstraction clos'd his ear
To joyous accents, though he seemed to hear.
The deeper frown, the stern contracted eye,
The clenched hand, irrelative reply,
And mutter'd interruption broke the charm
That wing'd her spirit upwards. In alarm,
She wreath'd her arms around his passive frame,
And touch'd attention by the sacred name
Of "husband."

 "Dearest husband, why complain,
When heaven is smiling, earth's our own again,
And love enfolds with flowers his spirit-woven chain?"

 " My Ella, earth for me has nought in store,
Nor rank, nor riches please my spirit more !
I've lipp'd too oft the dregs of pleasure's cup,
To drink again its air-blown bubbles up.
If life has been a cheat, when youth and health,
And station favour'd, when with friends and wealth

Abundantly endow'd, what will it be
When feeble age, and friendless poverty,
And failing health, unnerve the shatter'd soul,
And hold it captive to their chill control?
Though innocent, my jealous pride will trace,
In every eye, the signals of disgrace;
Nor can I dare the wronger, lest he cast
A foul construction o'er the dreaded past.
My children, too, will learn the garbled truth,
And feel too soon the point of envy's tooth,
And every pang they bear for Norman's shame
Will scorch my bosom with a fiend-like flame.
You, you, who lov'd so dearly public praise,
When o'er my better fame it cast its bays,
Will tremble when my name is breath'd, lest hate
Or carelessness should whisper of my fate.
A kind inquiry, or a soft reply,
May bring, constructively, an agony;
And love itself will fear to speak, or weigh
Too carefully its measur'd words, lest they
Should touch some heart string, whose suggestive strain
Might waken memory to a work of pain.

When hate must wound, and love itself can give
But bitterness, why should I wish to live?
I feel the death-barb in my inmost heart,
And only grieve from thee, my love, to part,
And my sweet children. But we'll meet again,
Where pleasure's cup is never drugg'd by pain,
Where sorrow tracks not joy, nor virtue wears
A crown, whose iron rim is gemm'd with tears."

"Oh! talk not thus, my husband; thou, to me,
Though poor, and old, and friendless, still shouldst be
The sun-light of my soul.—Thy setting day
Would shed a broader, warmer, sweeter ray;
The dearer, that for me alone it pours
Undazzling lustre on our lonely hours.
If that cold world you dread is naught to you,
Desert it boldly;—bid these fields adieu,
And fly to voiceless deserts.—Place, to me,
Is nothing, if my heart can lean on thee:—
And, oh! how welcome solitude will prove,
If I may have monopoly of love.—
All surely cannot vanish, when the heart
Of one, one faithful friend will not depart.—

'Twill be my joy to speed thee to the wood,
And charm, with toils for thee, my solitude,
And make the cheerful hearth more brightly burn,
And deck the board to welcome thy return;
Then ever meet thee smiling.—Eve ne'er knew,
In Paradise, a bliss so deep, so true;
For she was ever happy, and the grace,
That contrast heightens, could not bless the place.

“And there, the snares of life will not betray
Our children's steps, nor tempters lead astray
Their unsuspecting natures.—Thou wilt pour
Thy moral treasures forth at evening hour,
And lead them out at dawn, to urge the chase,
Their skill to sharpen, and their thews to brace;
So, when the driving world again shall come,
Through falling forests to our sylvan home,
They'll know to shun the devious paths of wrong,
And passion's potent call, and pleasure's siren-song.

“No smile, my husband?—Let me kiss away
These tears, that down thy cheek in sadness stray.—
What! though the *world* misjudge, there is an EYE,
That marks the just, beyond that deep blue sky,

Whose lightest smile of approbation wears
The worth of kingdoms, and the joy of years.—
He will assuage thy sorrow.—Turn to him,
Whose glory darkens that of seraphim;
And then this earth, its wrongs and woes, will seem
Disjointed fragments of a frightful dream,
Whose only use will be to make the bliss
Of waking but a brighter happiness.”

The knee was bent, the graceful arms were rais'd,
And wistfully upon the sky she gaz'd,
While moving lips, and flushing cheeks, declare
The depth and purpose of the voiceless prayer.

Beside her knelt, with doubt-distracted eye,
And pallid cheek, and lip of agony,
The stricken Norman.

Years have passed away
Since there the faithful lovers knelt to pray:
But not of months, or years, or time, the spell
That there on madden'd Norman's spirit fell.—
'Twas sudden, deep, and holy; strong to save;
But not his mortal frame from sorrow's grave.

He liv'd to value love, to conquer pride,
To kiss the rod that smote him—and he died;
But left, in dying, this impressive truth,
To guard from Norman's woes the thoughtful youth,
*"That indecision marks its path with tears;
That want of candour darkens future years;
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend;
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend."*

P O E M S.

THE GREEK LOVERS.

Written in an album, under an engraving by Durand, after a picture by Weer, entitled, "Greek Lovers."

No longer here, as once of yore,
When love, in peace, could love adore,
The Grecian lover woos his bride,
With vines above and flowers beside.
His scimitar with gore is wet,
The Pacha's blood bedews it yet.
He sought her in the Moslem's tower,
He wrench'd her from the robber's power,
And left his mansion desolate,
To prove his love, and seal his hate.

Her father fell, where all but fame
Was lost. His proudly cherish'd name,
Though still a war-cry for the fight,
A hope-flash o'er a starless night
Of ungilt bondage, grac'd alone,
One gentle girl. His sons were gone;
And she, a slave, was doom'd to see,
In its worst form, captivity.

The first dark day of bondage set,
In fitting night of storm and wet,
And wearied victors sought repose,
Nor dreamt of harm from scatter'd foes.
The maiden at the casement stood,
And watch'd the wild and flowing flood,
That beat against the Moslem's wall,
And ponder'd on her country's fall.
She thought not of herself; the fire
That burn'd within proclaim'd her sire,
And that long line of mighty men,
Whom Greece might never see again.

A speck is floating with the tide,
A growing bulk, a boat, a form.
It is her lover's! To her side
He springs, despite the guards and storm.

A moment, and the bark is gain'd,
The dirk unearth'd, that held it chain'd.
They spake not; scarcely breath'd, for fear
The sound might reach a hostile ear.
His foot upon the deck was plac'd,
His lifting arm was round her waist,
He paus'd, look'd back—

“Not yet! not yet!!

So much for *love*! There is a debt
Of *death*, unpaid. I cannot flee,
Ev'n from this place of chains with thee,
Until 'tis cancel'd—rest thee here!
A child of Greece should know no fear!
This rope secures the boat. Be still,
Though sounds should rise the heart to chill.
If coming feet should meet thine ear,
And I am silent, do not fear;

But if I cry, 'farewell! 'tis o'er!'
Push off the shallop from the shore.
Friends wait below to rescue thee;
There yet are some, whose hands are free."

"Oh do not leave me! if there be
A danger, let me go with thee!
I'd rather stay, with thee to die,
Than to a throne, without thee, fly!"

"It must not be! My love, forbear,
'Twere only danger thou couldst share;
Thou couldst but fetter heart and steel,
'Tis mine to act—thou wouldst but feel;
The deed is bloody, grim the foe,
My fears for thee might mar the blow;
Propitious omens bar my flight,
The 'curse of Greece' must die to-night."

His stay was long, but longer still
It seem'd to her, thus doom'd to wait

For him, whose coming steps could thrill
Her heart-strings, like the touch of fate.
Her head was bent, her breath was low,
She heard, though guards did not, the blow,
And stretch'd her passion-sharpen'd ear,
The cry of pain or rage, to hear;
But save that single blow, was heard,
Nor stroke, nor bustle, groan nor word.

His step is heard at last.

“Away!

The moon is rising! no delay!
Fear not; the guards will find no boat;
I've set their galley-slaves afloat,
And they are drifting with the tide,
Without an oar to move or guide.
He spake not! How I long'd to wake
The foe, and open vengeance take,
Recount our wrongs, recite our tears,
Alarm his pride, arouse his fears,
And strike him, when on craven knee,
My death cry, 'Greece and Liberty.'

“It could not be; I fear’d they might
Arrest my hand, or bar thy flight;
And though, for such revenge, my life
Were price too mean, the startling strife
Had peril’d thee, and then, oh then,
The tyrants had been paid again.
To pass away were nought to me,
If thou wert safe, and Greece were free,
And I could see with dying eyes
The red-drops of the sacrifice.
But better thus! The hand that gave
That hasty blow may live to wave
The sword in open fields, and slay
Oppressors in the face of day.
Oh, wretched land! oh, abject time!
When public vengeance seems like crime,
And steals upon the sleeping foe
To give an unresisted blow!
But hark! ha! ha!! They’ve found him too!
The wild lament, the fierce halloo,
Betoken grief, proclaim pursuit!
They’re tasting now the bitter fruit

Of long oppression!—Let them wail !
'Tis but a prelude to the tale
Of woes to come, when, great and free,
All Greece, on continent and sea,
Shall arm and strike for liberty."

Years pass away.—The Moslem tower
Seems now of love the rosy bower.—
The guards are gone, the warders wait
No longer at the iron gate ;
But childhood's playful laugh is there,
And gentle woman's soothing care ;
The Grecian standard floats above,
And frowning Mars is gone, and Love
Disports him in its peaceful folds—
The victor Greek the fortress holds ;
And pours into his Artaxerxes' ear
The story of that night of fear,
When, braving flood and bearding power,
He bore her from the Pacha's tower.

THE JAIL AND THE ALMSHOUSE.

A PHILADELPHIANISM.

Jail.—What! open, neighbour Alms-house, to the sky,
What means the dreadful ruin I espy!
The sturdy rogues have crush'd thy wooden crown,
Thou stalwart beggar's pride, thou tax-sink of the town!

Alms-house.—O yes, I'm going fast, the shingles fall,
The joists are cracking, and the groaning wall
Bends to the nod of fate; already gone
My *lights* and *livers*, and the sign alone,
Assured of death at hand, alas! remains,
For sinking nature's left *without her panes*.

Jail.—Ah! what a sacrilege! that open door,
So indiscriminate to sorrow, now no more,

The common sewer of sympathy is choak'd,
And suffering's last sad privilege revoked,
The winter tent of calculating vice
Is fairly struck—or will be in a trice.

Almshouse.—Oh, 'tis the common fate of western things !
These restless democrats ! If we had kings,
Houses would longer stand ; but here in vain
Antiquity may beg for length of useless reign.
Expediency, or love of change, or hate
Of ills inevitable hastens on our fate ;
Nothing escapes rotation-loving rage,
We pass like Shakspeare's ghosts across the stage,
No shadow casting as away we speed,
For who our beggar-loving tale will read ?

Jail.—But yet, I trust, before you make a die,
You'll make at least, for me, a *di-ary*.

Almshouse.—Ah ! 'twere a task indeed, in my weak
state,
To copy for you the whole book of fate ;

For scarcely can you name a human woe,
To which my inmates can't a likeness show,
From that which mourns o'er pleasure's broken spell,
To joyous madness laughing in his cell.
Within my chambers find alike a home,
The ruin'd tenants of the hut and dome,
The cast-off beauty, and the worn out slave,
The luckless gamester, and the crippled brave :
You also help to fill my motley rooms,
The Almshouse tenant sheds the Jail's perfumes,
And, train'd by you, disciplin'd crime resorts,
For shelter and corruption, to my courts.

Jail.—Indeed ! you're caustic, neighbour, you forget
That I receive from you, for every pet
I send you, scores of alcoholic wretches,
Mere *sans culottes*, that's *French without the breeches*.
You teach them first to idle, then to steal,
A democratic use of *commonweal*.
You call yourself a "*Bettering House*," a name,
Like *lucus*, which from *non lucendo* came,

Or, as in English, speaking *through the nose*
Just signifies that nothing *through it goes*,
A "Bettering House," means "House for making
worse ;"
Deterioration is an Almshouse curse.

Almshouse.—You do me wrong, you granite-hearted
toad !
Through rusty iron bars you look abroad;
And in such spectacles the world you view,
That every thing is *iron-y* with you.—
You're fill'd with harden'd rogues, whose chief concern
Is how some novel feat of sin to learn;
Or teach the boys, and praise their imp-like wit,
And make the roguelings for the gallows fit.
You'll have your turn of fortune, and, like me,
A victim to suppos'd expediency,
Be *offer'd up*, by being *tumbled down*,
And *raz'd*, by being *level'd* to the ground.
The *Bar* may lend you aid, and even the *grate*
Conservatively strive to keep your state,

But, 'spite of all your puns, you'll *punished be*,
For *crowbars* better are than *Bars*, you see.

Jail.—Pray quit thy gibes, there's grief in store for me,
And thy own fate is quite enough for thee.—
If signs may tell of sorrow yet to come,
I see sad omens of approaching doom.
The sage “inspectors” shake their heads, and sigh,
When oft-imprison'd rogues again they spy,
And say, how much of rank contagion dwells
In crowded yards and congregating cells;
And dare to tell me that the deepest schemes
Are laid, when jailors think the prisoner dreams;
That all the good I do is to constrain
Impetuous crime within my own domain,
And, though their darkest deeds I seem to smother,
I let the rascals worry one another.—
Imprison'd scoundrels, fiercer by restraint,
But play the devil, while they act the saint,
And, like a field-piece ramm'd more tightly down,
Go off with greater fury on the town.

In vain I cry, *I've kept upon the square,**
They tell me 'tis a sin my being there,
And then my motley structure's out of tune,
My head in *Walnut*, and my tail in *Prune*;†
Descend I must, without a tear for me,
Save the *tear down*, and that *no down* will be!
For if they handle me as you are handled,
Even Gneiss itself won't like to be so dandled;
The very apprehension makes me scandled,
To be to death by such a cruel band led.

Almshouse.—Well, neighbour! I am sorry for your
 terrors,
But more for what has pointed them—your errors.—
But why do you at paying death's sad *toll quail*?
You have no soul, for you are not the *sole jail*!
You needn't cry—you'll meet no *after fate*—
You do belong but to *the present state*.‡

* Washington square.

† Names of streets.

‡ State property.

Jail.—That's true at present, but I may be *sold*,
And sink, like Benton, in the current gold;
And that would *cast me down*, for not to *stand*—
Are such things *so-led* in this driving land ?

Alms-house.—Och ! I can bear *no longer*, for you see,
These busy wretches how they *shorten* me;
And as I *longer* shall *no longer* be,
I *short-ly* shall be-long to nobody !

The Washington Monument, in posse.—Were ever heard
such sighing, punning fools ?
They've learnt their wit in Philadelphian schools !
For me, if ever I should show my head
Above the soil, I'll not be so *soil-led*;
But, then, I'm told, that Philadelphia AIR,
And WATER-WORKS, and MARKET-HOUSE, and BUTTER,
And WASHINGTON and INDEPENDENCE SQUARE,
Will make a wit of one who used to splutter ;
That strangers, even, catch the rank infection,
And pun, as some are smokers, for protection.
The mint door-keeper thrusts them back, and cross,
They cry, What, sir ! no more of your *mint sauce*.

One slyly gazes on the *fair Exchange*,
The last Minerva of our Strickland's brains,
And, as his eyes along its beauties range,
"No robbery this," exultingly exclaims.
And, when the water-works are in his eye,
Some simple rustic asks the reason "Why
Like the whole state is the revolving wheel—
D'ye give it up?—It is the *common-weal*."
The cit, to some good Dutchman, gives account
Of squares and temples—rail-roads and Fairmount;
To which the other answers, sure *you* know
Where's the *Bost Office*, tell me, and I'll go?
Ev'n Scotchmen, who've no *pun-itch*, will, when I
Exalt (ah! when?) my hero to the sky,
Admire the beauties in his figure blent,
And cry, "Is this, indeed, the *Mon-you-meant*?"
So, I suppose, that I, when my foundation
Is built upon, will *edify* the station
By many a joke; for, if the *Jail* may take
The *liberty* but one *free* joke to make,

And *bettering* house make English much the *worse*,
As, to American, it proves a curse,
I'll be a *rising* character of course,
And, though *I'm ston'd*, wont be "a *wit the worse*."*

* These lines were written before the removal of the old Jail and Almshouse, and are not applicable to the buildings now governed under better auspices.

THOM'S STATUES.

AH RABIN BURNS ! if aught could raise
Thy ghaist frae aut thy ain Scots' braes,
And bring thee frae the gowand grave
To sing another Doric stave,
I'm thinkin Thom's poetic stanes
Wad be to thee like prophet's banes,
And kindle maist thy slumbering ashes
Anew in wild poetic flashes.
I'd like to see thee rub thine eyes,
And hotch and glow'r wi' glad surprise,
At this thy winsome muse's pride,
In happiest skill solidified.

Could'st thou hae dreamed, when Tam O'Shanter
Sae madly through thy brain did canter,

And thou thyself could'st hardly hold
The bright conception 'till 'twas told ;
That, uninstructed like thyself,
Thom should in stone the story tell ;
And frae his brain's bright image wholly,
His guide, his rustic genius solely,
Bring out, frae native Air-shire grit,
A Tam O'Shanter almost fit
To match the image wrought by thee,
In thy wild muse's ecstasy.

And there's the Souter, blythe guid man,
Wi' sonsy smile, and emptied can !
That knowing look of humour too,
That Ayr's shrewd poet richly drew ;
As, listening to his queerest stories,
The silly Landlord's laugh was chorus !

The Landlord's head, and swinging mouth,
And legs relaxed, and laugh uncouth,
Are such as nature gives to grinners
At a' the tales o' a' the sinners

Wha buy their swats. He's jist the same,
That o'er thy vision, Rabin, came,
When mem'ry o' thine ain daft days
Set a' thy humour in a blaze.

Auld Ayr, ye'll own that gorgeous sample
O' winsome features, bosom ample,
And sinewy frame that marks the wife
O' labouring men in Scottish life!
Tam weel might lo'e that sonsie face,
And flatter'd wi' her listening grace,
And favour'd by the Souter's story,
And drown'd in swats inspiring glory,
Care naught for kirks, and foords and witches,
And roarin storms, and bogle's screeches;
Nor what he aften dreaded maist
As muckle as a witch or ghaist,
The weel-nurs'd wrath o' his ain dame,
That made him fear'd amaist o' hame;
But now he's fou', and wife and deil
Are no a match for sic a chiel.

LOVE IS A PARTHIAN.

Written in a Lady's Album, under a picture of Love engaged
in whetting a dart.

When Love is advancing
To capture the heart,
With soft wiles entrancing,
He shows not a dart;

His bow slung behind him
Unstrung, seems to show
The heart will not find him—
The sweet one—a foe.

In his eye hope is swimming,
Bliss laughs on his lip,
The bowl that he's brimming,
'Tis transport to sip;

And, while he remains there,
Mid sunshine or shower,
The urchin maintains there
The bloom of his bower.

But guard 'gainst his flying,
When whetting his dart,
And playfully trying
His wings for a start ;

For Love wounds, no never,
The heart where he lies,
A *Parthian* ever,
He shoots when he flies.

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear ;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near :
But an old song may be roughly sung ;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue,
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory gilds it not ;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,

When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still ;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie-lea :—
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus-cry,

Of the old song, the old song,
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee !
Oh, the old song—the old song !
The song of the days of glee,
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me !

TO THE MOON.

THOU bright, benignant planet, oft the theme
Of Poet's numbers, and of lover's dream;
Wonder of infant eyes, whose new-born gaze
Dwells on thy glittering orb in sweet amaze;
And, though thy beams the playful boy delight,
Both age and manhood love a moon-lit night.
O Moon ! how blest appears thy envied lot,
Hung far above this care-soil'd, dusty spot,
In planet-gilded skies, serenely bright,
Regent of peace, and queen of tranquil night !
Th' observ'd of all, who does not love
Thy smile in city, field, or grove ?
Can aught surpass thy slender bow,
Its steely horns, its crystal glow ?

Is there a more enchanting thing
Than Dian's round resplendent ring,
When, turning to the sun her face,
She sheds his light with softened grace,
And flings a sentimental power
O'er hill, and vale, and stream, and bower ?
Ev'n the cold fickle waters try
To scale for thee the lofty sky,
Untrue to all besides, to thee,
Pattern of faith and constancy.—
Old Homer loved thy presence, when he sung
Of Moon-light glories, then his harp strings rung
With more than magic power, and never fell
The bard beneath himself, when chanting of thy spell.—
Who can forget how Ossian sung thy praise,
“ Daughter of Heaven,” and mourn'd his sightless gaze,
Depriv'd of all the sweetness of the night,
When nature slumbers in her blandest light ?
And Milton lov'd thee, too. “ Unhappy White” *
Drank through thy beams a poet's pure delight,

* Henry Kirk White.

And found in thee, what all who feel have found,
Even amid pain, tranquillity profound.—
Soother of Godman's* breast, if thou could'st know
The value of that boon, thy face would brighter glow !

Such feelings mount, when happy dreamers' eyes,
Deceived by distance, hail thee 'mid the skies;
But, when grave science points to thee her glass,
How alter'd is the scene, how soon such visions pass !
Well might the poet liken thy wild field,
Thy ruin'd surface, to the Demon's shield.†
No cooling oceans lave thy burning shores,
No dew to verdure parching plains restores;
Nor air, nor ocean, cools thy fiery face;
Volcanoes, rocks, and ruins, fill the place.
A hundred mountain-fires above thee glow,
Along thy plains ignited lavas flow
In fearful grandeur, telling hideous tale
Of a world's ruin, given to fiery bale:

* John D. Godman, who wrote beautifully to "The Moon."

† Milton.

Whose living things, if *there* were living things,
Perish'd beneath a hundred molten springs.—
Thy softened crust, unable to restrain
Thy central fires, submits to Pluto's reign,
The Fire-King rules alone his furnace-formed domain.

And yet there's hope for thee; forever so
Shall not thy mountains and thy valleys glow.
The earth, from which I greet thee, felt his sway,
And long beneath the Fire-King's engines lay:
Vast remnants of his empire yet remain,
On many a blasted hill, and wasted plain,
Where long-extinct volcanoes, whose huge cup
Might swallow many a modern mountain up,
Have poured from central caves, their place of birth,
Gigantic streams of lava o'er the earth.—
What heaved the granite high into the air?
What hung the porph'ry in its eyrie there?
What slop'd the strata of that mighty crust,
Which dips for many a mile beneath the dust?
One universal earthquake bent the shell,
And every land the fiery tale may tell!

The Deluge came, and buried deep the earth,
Embosoming aquatic things, whose birth
First claim'd the care of that creative hand,
Whose after labours drain'd the delug'd land.—
Whence came that water ? None may tell the tale,
Unless the moon the truth sublime unveil,
When infant verdure fringes new-born rills,
And caps of snow encircle lunar hills;
When air and ocean bless the burning clime,
And living races hail the birth of time.
Haply for this, some comet waves his hair,
And flies, with thee, to make his final lair:
From star-sunn'd sources mist-form'd water brings,
To cool thy crust, and quench volcanic springs.
If such thy fate, O Moon, the sage will pry
Into thy bosom with delighted eye,
And joy to see thy shining orb improve,
As did the earth, beneath the Wing of Love;
To see thy lands emerge, thy oceans glow,
Thy forests flourish, and thy rivers flow;
To see thy realms of life and joy expand,
And new creations bless the Maker's hand.

As we have had so often the unhappiness of being *totally* abused by travellers, who consider home as the sole criterion of excellence, and of course censure all, wherein we differ from that standard, I have taken the trouble to translate part of a letter, by a traveller of a better stamp, who has the singular merit, it ought to be so esteemed in our eyes, of having discovered at least one excellence on this side of the globe.

TO AFONG MOY.

So you're an *antipode*, they say,
And that's the reason why
You make so little a display
Of *pedal* property.

We're sorry, girl, that you should stand
On *such a footing* here,
Since far you've come to see our land,
From China's shining sphere.

Yet few of our ambitious belles
Your cliquish lot would choose,
Or *stand*, whate'er your herald tells,
In Afong's *little shoes*.

What could have lured thee far away
From thy celestial home:
From Cum-Fa's* sweet protecting sway,
And Puk-Tay's† sacred dome?

Hadst thou no fears, that day might fail
On Fan-qui's‡ distant shore,
Where China's trembling sun turns pale
At Qui's§ tremendous roar?

Didst thou suppose thy tiny feet
By day-light could be shown,

* Golden flower, a goddess presiding over females.

† God of the Polar Star, worshipped by sailors.

‡ Strange Devil, or foreigner.

§ Devil.

Or think that Fa-ké* work'd and eat
By candle-light alone ?

When hopes of happier climes allure
The wanderer from the strand,
What must the feeling heart endure
As fades the native land ?

But, oh ! to quit thine own Whampoo,†
With Qui-si's‡ to depart:
To hear Andeen's farewell halloo,
How beat thy tiny heart ?

To see thine own Pagoda fade,
And Quang-tong's hills turn blue,
And tall Lintin, in flickering shade,
Escaping from the view ;

* Flower flag, a name given to the Americans, by mistaking the stars on the flag for flowers. The English are called Red Heads.

† The town at the anchorage near Canton.

‡ Western devils, or little devils, another name for foreigners.

To hear the gong's last, sweetest note,

The fife's expiring scream—

To see the dragon-standard float

On Ta's receding stream ;

'Twas bravely done ! from Quoon-yum's* light

To turn your doubting view

Towards untried realms of storm and night,

As on the Fa-ke flew ;

'Twas bravely done ! and now, my lass,

What think ye of the land ?

Will't do ? will Fo-ké† say, “ can pass ? ”

We'd like to understand.

You've written home, I find, to tell

Your people what you see:

And, that the rest may better sell,

A part shall published be.

* The supreme divinity of the Chinese.

† Countryman, a familiar salutatory of the Chinese.

TO TSEEN NGUN QUA:—

* * * * “What horrid girls they have, and then
They stare about them so;
They look, for all the world, as men,
Or water-people do.

One wife the married man condemns
To all his household duties;
No female colleague sews or hems,
No flock has he of beauties.

How lonely for the single wife!
No friend for play or toil,
No beauty for exciting strife,
No ugly one for foil.

The little girls run out to school,
No pains to swathe their feet;
They let them romp, and play the fool,
And think the hoydens sweet.

While we the things on footmens' back
For four long years confine,
Until their feet can make a track,
Like those of Padry swine.*

We never see, in this queer place,
Th' entrancing, swinging gait,
With us esteem'd the highest grace ;
The web-foot's† motion's straight !

The world, *we* say, is flat and square,
But that's but supposition;
These people live, I do declare,
In total opposition.

They write from left to right, while we
From right to left incline:

* Sacred swine, remarkable for fatness and small feet.

† A sobriquet of the people who live on the rivers, esteemed a degraded class, incapable of holding lands or houses. *They* do not belittle the feet.

They keep a horizontal course,
We take the downward line.

Their thoughts to goose-quills are consign'd,
A brush obeys our hand—
Their characters are scarce defin'd,
Ours, broad as a ribband.

They give their boorish salutation
With labour-soil'd right paw,
The cleaner left, in our old nation,
Is custom's sacred law.

We say east-south, they say south-east,
Their points at north begin;
While Yankee men say all, north-west,
West-north's with us the thing.

They cut great lumps of meat, and fork
In masses towards the chin,
We bite the bowl, and go to work
With *chopsticks* shovelling in.

They chickens fight, and crickets we,
Nor pups nor rats they eat,
And, even with opportunity,
They think it sin to cheat.

But yet, of all, the strangest thing
I've left as yet unsaid,
They've neither Emperor nor King,
Nor any *single* head.

They say *three heads* they have, and then,
All scatter'd o'er the land,
A score or two of *other heads*,
All equal in command !!

You see no whips to drive away
The idle, gaping crowd;
No heads-man cries out, "Yung-a-lay,"*
As he precedes the proud.

* Get out of the way.

You see no chains, no heads through boards,
No slapper and no thumb-screw,
For those who wont confess their frauds,
When power would purses unscrew.

How rogues are kept in order here,
I'm at a loss to think—
Or how the men in office share
Among themselves the chink.

We make no bones, 'mong us, to seize
On all a rogue possesses:
Crime, or no crime, we give a squeeze,
And rap till he confesses.

But yet I'm told the office-great
Make wealth by using place;
We boldly rob, they peculate,
And *subs* ward off disgrace.

And, as the office-holding rule
Is shorten'd by rotation,

The party-man's esteem'd a fool,
Who doesn't fleece the nation.

Of many other things, I vow,
I'd write, but, see, my paper
Is out, and I am sleepy now,
And dimly burns my taper.

To *feather-bed*, the *only thing*
In which they beat Fo-ké,
I'll hie, and see if dreams will bring
My home, my friends, and thee.

ARONG MOY.

TO THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

JANUARY 1, 1834.

O bright and beautiful ! thou strip'd and starr'd
Flag of my country, how I love thy face !
Rememb'ring how, beneath thee, freemen warr'd,
Their thrilling war-cry, "FOR THE HUMAN RACE."
Not for themselves alone, their friends, their home,
But for their fellow-men beneath heaven's wide-spread
dome!

It was not to emblazon mortal shield,
Or raise a selfish hero to a throne,
That victory led thee o'er the battle-field,
To plant thee on the rights of man o'erthrown ;

It was to conquer principles—to wring
Sword from hereditary despot, sceptre from the king.

And can it be, thou banner of the free,
That ere the shout of recent victory
Dies on the breeze, while yet the generous prayer
Of those who fell, is fresh upon the ear,
Thy children seek the yoke, whose *bruit* alone
Shook, to its very base, a mighty monarch's throne?

They burst their chains, tho' forged of gold and gems,
And spurn'd the proffer'd gift of diadems,
While we, for office, or for party, yield
The laurels won on many a bloody field,
And give their toils and honours to the wind,
And mar the mighty dream of freedom for mankind.

O spirits of the mighty dead, who broke,
Of stern prerogative, the gilded yoke—
O Washington! O Warren! come again,
Come to the council-board, the battle-plain!

But, no ! If we are to ourselves untrue,
'Twere vain your toil and peril to renew,
The abject spirit of the times would all the good undo !

THE LAUNCH.

OH! bright and beautiful, again I hail
Thy glorious face, thou field of growing stars,
As, gently waving to the softest gale,
The victor-emblem of three glorious wars
Floats o'er the giant ship, whose graceful frame
Is matchless, since, to his, old Noah gave a name.

Though much I joy'd to see the mighty pile
Descending with a grand, yet quiet grace,
And could not stifle the exulting smile,
As, with triumphant air, she took her place
On Ocean's vassal waters, soon to be,
Herself, the proudest thing upon the proudest sea.

Yet more my soul exulted, as around,
In bright, and brave, and beautiful array,
The thronging thousands, at the signal sound,
In breathless silence, saw her start away,
And then, with wild and thundering shout, sent forth
The patriots' honest pride, the tribute to her worth.

O flag, if thou a merchant's bark had grac'd,
Of vaster frame above the startled brine,
Whose form with more surpassing beauty blaz'd,
But few had hailed that starry face of thine,
And none had sent the shout, or held the breath,
Or felt as if for it he could have dared to death.

Some pride of art was mingled with the burst,
Some sense of grace and beauty echo'd there,
But, flag of freedom, loudest, deepest, first,
The shout for **THEE** was ringing on the air ;
Pride for thine ancient glory, hope for new,
As o'er the peerless ship the cloudless planets flew.

Oh, *flag of honor'd principles*, when thou
Art streaming from the PENNSYLVANIA's mast,
Though arm'd with matchless strength, remain, as now,
A lovely thing, to shelter, not to blast;
The refuge of the weak, alone the dread
Of those who on the rights of nature roughly tread.

Oh; with the just and peaceful, peaceful be,
As he who gave a name to this fair state,
And carry with thee to the conquer'd sea,
His pledge of friendship, and his holy hate
Of all oppression —. But remember, too,
In battle, what to *warrior Penn* is due,
And to thy bow-borne *Hercules*, oh never be untrue!*

* The State of Pennsylvania was named after Admiral Penn;
and the figure-head of the ship is a noble bust of Hercules.

THE WITHER'D ROSE BUD.

AN why does this rose bud more beautiful seem,
Than when gracing the stem where it grew ;
All wither'd and pale, of a flower but the dream ?
'Tis because it was given by you,—

'Tis because the sweet flowret had linger'd awhile
On the bosom of beauty and youth,
Had borrow'd her lustre, had stolen her smile,
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem,
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
'Twill still be of roses the gem.

Like its fragrance, still lingering, fond memory, the while,

Will couple this blossom with thee,

And soothe by recalling the look and the smile

That came with the rose-bud to me.

TO A LADY WEeping.

O LADY ! shed that tear again,
Nor let a smile illumine thine eyes ;
That tear of sympathetic pain,
Is worth a gem of Paradise !

Oh, ever thus may I behold
The melting tear in beauty's eye,
When all her loveliest buds unfold
Before the light of sympathy.

The smile that glitters through a tear,
May tint the cheek with lighter grace,
But oh, to me, how much more dear
The smileless tear that gems thy face !

Yes! if there be one *earthly* bliss,
Which none but feeling hearts may know,
It is to gaze on tears like this,
When from such radiant eyes they flow ;

And if there be one *joy of Heaven*,
Which hearts of earthly mould may borrow,
To thee that angel-bliss is given,
When weeping for another's sorrow.

Then shed that graceful tear again,
Nor let a smile illumine thine eyes ;
That tear of sympathetic pain
Is worth a gem of Paradise.

RECITED AT A COLLEGE COMMENCE-
MENT, BY A YOUNG FRIEND.

TOGETHER, friends, o'er learning's ample field,
An undivided classic band we've gone,
None choosing to his mates in lore to yield,
Yet none desiring to succeed alone.

So be it, as through life our barks we steer,
Where gales may favour, and where storms may strand ;
May each remember those he now holds dear,
And love to take his class-mates by the hand ;

Joy in their honours, for their sorrows mourn,
Partake their pleasures, and allay their woes,
Never, no never, from their service turn,
Deny their virtues, or their faults disclose :

And is it vain to hope, that they who here,

In life's young spring, have not divided been,

May still through time the unbought feeling share,

And friendship's autumn boast as fresh a green ;

That when, through conquer'd trials, all have gone,

In Heaven-supported honour to the tomb,

The good shall love to build their burial stone,

And Eden wake for them her sweetest bloom.

SACRED POETRY.



SACRED POETRY.

WRITTEN IN A BIBLE PRESENTED TO
S. M. MITCHELL.

THE holy Book I now present
Matilda, dear, to thee,
Was, by the King of Angels, sent
From sin to make us free.

Before a sigh was heav'd by man,
Or sorrow had its birth,
To soothe and heal, the gracious plan
Was form'd in heaven for earth :

And such His mercy who has fram'd
Heaven, earth, and sea, and air,

Himself a *sacrifice* he nam'd,
To save us from despair.

The wond'rous tale by His own hands,
Is written in this book ;
And even the bright angelic bands
Are *honour'd* by a look.

And yet that holy book is thine,
With privilege to learn
The Oracles of Truth Divine,
And o'er the tale to burn.

Oh, let its holiness impart
Its *spirit* to thy breast,
Confirm thy strength, improve thy heart,
And set thy soul at rest.

Oh, may its Author, kind and good,
Unfold its precious store,
And fineless mercy, like a flood,
Out o'er thy spirit pour ;

Direct thy steps, illumine thy way,
And fill thee full of grace,
And thy pure soul to heaven convey
When ends thine earthly race ;

And cheer thee in the trying hour
When earth is fading fast,
With Christian hope, that Eden's bower
Will hold us all at last.

INFIDELITY.

THE fiend that comes with stealthy pace,
To filch our hopes away,
To snatch from human misery
Its comfort and its stay :

That strikes away the last fond hope,
On which the spirit leans,
The only gem the dying heart
From earthly brilliants gleans.

WHEREFORE SHOULD I FEAR IN THE
DAYS OF EVIL.

PSALMS XLIX, 5.

If reft of health, why should I mourn,
Since "*God is love*," and He
Has said that evil he will turn
To greatest good for me?

If riches fail, and honours fly,
In that no curse I see,
For God, who loves me, will deny
No real good to me:

If friends desert, betray, or die,
No hopeless grief is mine,

My FRIEND OF FRIENDS is ever nigh—

Then why should I repine ?

If age steal o'er me, and decay

My yielding form invade,

The sooner 'twill be cast away,

For one that cannot fade.

If pain and peril hold me fast,

I'll bear them well, for they

Are trials of my faith, and last

But for a winter's day.

Why should I mourn for *any* loss,

Since it is sent by Him,

Who bore for me a cruel cross,

Though King of Seraphim:

Who give his *life* for me, and mine ;

And, but to bless me, tries,

And longs to see my spirit shine,

A saint in Paradise !

O Master ! good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee;
But teach my stubborn heart to bend,
In love, to thy decree.

Whatever come, if thou wilt bless
The brightness, and the gloom,
And temper joy, and soothe distress,
I fear no earthly doom:

Life cannot give a cureless sting,
Death can but crown my bliss,
And waft me, on an angel's wing,
Away——to happiness.

WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK, PRE-
SENTED TO MRS. F. OF GEORGE-
TOWN, D. C.

THOU sacred volume of eternal truth,
That fain wouldst guide aright the steps of youth;
To thee henceforth an easy task is given,
Go point Maria's soul the way to Heaven !
And, oh ! when o'er life's rough and thorny way,
She journeys on, to realms of purer day,
Let no rude storm of pain or passion lower,
To mar her progress for a single hour.
Oh ! to her gentle spirit strength impart,
To stem each torrent ere it whelm the heart.
Be still her friend, until she gain the shore,
Where pain and peril shake the soul no more;
And there, when life's eventful scenes are past,
May all she loved on earth be found at last.

SLEEPING FOR SORROW.

LUKE, XXII. 45.

UPON the cold, cold earth they lie,
While night-winds wildly o'er them sweep,
Their canopy, the clouded sky,
And they are sad, and yet they sleep.

Their master, saviour, guide, their all,
Their polar star on life's dark deep,
Is soon by traitor hands to fall ;
They fear it, yet in grief they sleep.

Yes! the big drops of agony,
The cold dank limbs of Jesus steep,
And they, so near him, close the eye
Of sorrow, and *for grief they sleep.*

How soundly sleep ! though nature sighs,
And Heaven is sad, and seraphs weep,
And, to his God in sorrow, cries
Their tortur'd friend—and yet they sleep.

Oh, what strange anguish must have wrung
Their hearts, on Olive's rocky steep,
When nature fail'd, and all unstrung,
They sank into reluctant sleep !

But He, who led them from the shore
Of their own native lake, to sweep
Their nets for men, though lone and poor,
Assuag'd their sorrow by a sleep;

And when, by slumber, nerv'd to bear
The vigils of the night, whose deep
Dark tragedy, 'twas theirs to share,
He gently broke their mournful sleep;

Call'd them from worldly griefs away,
To view his empire on the steep

Acclivity of Heaven, which lay
Far, far beyond the realms of sleep.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrows wrung,
Am tempest-toss'd on life's dark deep,
The canvass torn, the helm unhung,
And earthly pilots all asleep,

May He who felt, himself, the throes
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep
His sleepless watch, and soothe my woes,
And call me from my sinful sleep ;

Direct my vision to the skies,
Where saints forever cease to weep,
Where seraphs lift unclouded eyes,
And sorrow never sinks to sleep.

REPENTANCE.

“ There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth.”

O BLEST Repentance, in thy weeping eye,
Swim the pure beams of embryo-ecstasy,
And Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Joy prepare,
To still thy heart, and wipe thy bitter tear !
To thee alone, the privilege is given,
By earthly woe, to kindle joy in Heaven,
For God, himself, descends to soothe the heart,
That weeps o'er sin, and struggles to depart ;
And deeper transport swells the bliss above,
As seraphs sing the triumphs of his love.

ON THE DEATH OF A PIOUS FRIEND.

If friends must leave us for the tomb,
And make our hearts all lonely here,
It is a sunbeam 'mid the gloom,
To shed alone affection's tear ;

To weep, in hope, for those who die,
The tear of temper'd grief to shed,
To see the grave reflect the sky,
And view the angel, in the dead.

Let fond remembrance only mourn
Sweet images of goodness tried,
Of passions quell'd, of sorrows borne,
Of honor strongly fortified.

Oh, such my grief, if grief must be !

With sorrow, let me mingle bliss ;

And, on the dart that wounds me see,

The balm that medicates distress.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

AIR ; COOLEEN.

Oh, harp, that once in Judah's hall,
In sweet inspiring strain,
Entranc'd the fiery soul of Saul,
And sooth'd a monarch's pain !

How oft, when all my earthly joys
Appear but as a dream,
I welcome thy consoling voice,
Thy heaven-directing theme !

Though gone the hand that wak'd thee first,
Though clos'd thy minstrel's eye,

And they who caught thine early burst
Of glory are not nigh ;

Of thee no string is broken yet ;
Thy deep and holy tone
Can make me earthly cares forget,
And dream of Heaven alone.

Oh Harp, if Judah's shepherd flung
Such charms around his theme,
When o'er time's *distant* scenes he hung,
In dim prophetic dream ;

What *now* thy spell, could David's hand
Awake, once more, thy strains,
And tell to every thrilling land,
The Lord Immanuel reigns !

SABBATH MORNING.

Written under an engraving of a family groupe, about to go to church.

THE sabbath morn is calm and clear,
And flowers perfume the balmy air
 Around the cottage door:
Beneath the spreading elm's dark shade,
In Sunday's neatest garb array'd,
Behold the pious poor!

The week-day toils are over now ;
No worldly cares disturb the brow
 Of him who loves to trace
The lesson for his favour'd child,
His Rosa, tractable and mild—
 She has her mother's face !

While little Will stands silent by,
With hat in hand, and listening eye,
And meditative air:
He loves his Sabbath teacher's rule,
And longs to carry to the school
The well remember'd prayer.

See, little Sally, stick in hand,
With lifted finger, gives command
To *Snap* at home to stay ;
For well the sneaking fellow knew
He made a noise in father's pew,
And bark'd on Sabbath day.

On trusty donkey's back they place
The honoured grandsire of the race,
To walk too feeble now;
While o'er her father's hairless head
The daughter's handkerchief is spread
To shield his naked brow.

At least this once, however frail,
To go to church he cannot fail,
For Mary means, to-day,
To dedicate herself to God,
And tread the path her father's trod,
And he, for her, must pray.

She was his solace in decay,
The light of his declining day,
And, through her lustrous eye,
He lov'd to look on nature's face,
Kindled into a richer grace
By youth and piety.

The youngling, too, by all caress'd,
Must not be left behind the rest;
An undivided band,
Imbued with love, and rich in grace,
They hasten to his holy place,
To honour God's command.

Oh! who would forfeit such a joy
As gilds the face of that sweet boy,
And smooths his grandsire's brow,
And beams in Rosa's ardent eyes,
And heaves in Mary's heart-felt sighs,
For all earth could bestow!

Yes! blessed Sabbath morn, thy light
Is affluent, in pure delight,
To those who love thy *rest*;
Beyond thy sun, a Heavenly ray
Adds *moral* lustre to the day,
And shines *into the breast*.

That lustre brightens dark despair,
And makes the fairest scene more fair,
And gilds the captive's chain,
Illumines sickness, braces health,
Cheers poverty, enhances wealth,
And dulls the edge of pain.

There's not an earthly lot too low
To catch thy heart-consoling glow,
 There's not a lot too fair
To borrow lustre from thy ray,
For those who keep thy holy day,
 And love the house of prayer.

As the Hart panteth for the water-brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

PSALM xlii. 1.

THE stricken Arab hart had fled
Far from the streamlet's side ;
And on the Desart's fiery bed,
Had drooped, and sunk, and died.

Whilst all around was parch'd and bare,
And strength and hope were gone,
He made his last, his burning lair,
Unfriended and alone.

Oh, what an agony to think
How far his own sweet rill ;
Its crystal fount, its grassy brink,
To fancy fresher still !

But stricken hart ne'er panted more,
When life was on the wing,
For cooling brook, and verdant shore,
Than I for Zion's spring.

Fountain of glory, grace and love,
Oh come, oh come to me,
Nor let my erring spirit rove,
Too far from God, and thee ;

Lest I too make my burning lair,
Unpitied and alone,
In Desart-wilds of sin and care,
Where hope is never known ;

Where fancy paints the verdant plain,
And blossom-shaded spring
Of Heaven, to barb the dart of pain,
And keener anguish bring.

Poor *Dives* ! what a hart-like doom !
From out the gulf of woe,

You saw the fields of Eden bloom,

And heard its waters flow ;

E'en to a beggar meanly clung,

In suppliant's humblest strain,

And ask'd one drop, to cool your tongue,

And ask'd that drop in vain.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

ST. MATH. V. 9.

THE walls are won, the smouldering piles
Proclaim the combat o'er;
The victor on the ruin smiles,
And waves his hand of gore.

The widow'd wife may seek her love,
Amidst his burning lair,
The madden'd mother wildly rove
To find her children—where?

The maid may shriek as falls her pride,
For home and heart contending,
Hurl'd from the conquer'd ramparts side,
His last look on her bending.

What cares the chief, whose fierce brigands
Have caused the desolation,
'Twere crime, if done by private hands ;
But this is the deed of a nation !!

The wider, ruin spreads her blight,
The more, we love her story :
One murder brands the hapless wight ;
A thousand such are glory.

But blame him not, who riots there,
In the crush of human feeling ;
Who laughs at accents of despair,
His softer spirit steeling :

Behind war's blood-red thunder-cloud,
The sun of praise is shining ;
The heedless world exults aloud,
And drowns the heart's repining.

The world, the world, "*The Christian World*,"
The slayer is caressing,

While he, who war's black flag has furl'd,
Has but his Maker's blessing.

Yes, he who smooths the bitter wave
Of passion's burning ocean,
Who dares not slay, who loves to save—
To still a land's commotion,

Must look for honour from *above*;
No *earthly* fame is given;
Man cheers not on his work of love;
His plaudits are *from Heaven*.

LABOUR NOT TO BE RICH.

PROV. XXIII, 4.

CAN riches purchase health or peace—

Is life the gift of gold—

That I should barter soul and ease,

And work till I am old?

Is this dark world my only sphere,

The limit of my bliss?

Must I be always toiling here

For such poor dross as this?

And grope and labour 'mid the gloom,

A galley-slave for life—

Heap care on care, until the tomb
Absorb the useless strife;

And find, at length, my sole reward,
Oblivious disrespect;
For they who should my mem'ry guard
May leave it to neglect.

Oh! 'tis as if the trader strove
To load his heavy wain
With mud and stones, as on he drove,
His journey's end to gain;

And threw away the precious store
Entrusted to his care,
And found instead, his journey o'er,
A load of useless ware.

Oh! God of Wisdom, let my heart,
To nobler toils be given;
If I must work, oh! place my part
Of wealth, with thee, in heaven.—

Collect my treasures in the sky,
Beyond corruption's reign,
Where I may find them when I die,
And borrow them again.

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN
HEAVEN.”

OMNIPOTENT, omniscient King,

Archangels are too low to sing

The wonders of thy name !

May I, a feeble mortal, try

To blazon immortality,

And sound Jehovah's fame ?

Yes ! condescending God, thine ear

Is open to a mortal's prayer,

A dust-formed creature's cries;

The Maker of the stars descends,

In mercy, to the earth, and bends

To hear repentant sighs.

Then, O my Father, bear with me,
Nay prompt me, while I pay to thee
The homage of my heart;
To thee, a thousand thanks address,
To thee, my soul-felt love express,
My hopes, my fears impart.

When, drunk with blessings, heedless man,
Regardless of their source, began
His rebel course to run,
Thou didst not leave him to despair,
But paid his ransom with thine heir,
Thine own Eternal son.

Yes ! the dread Lord of earth and sky,
Descending from his throne on high,
In human aspect veil'd,
Partook our nature, shar'd our woes,
Endur'd the rage of cruel foes,
And to the cross was nail'd;—

And still, 'mid boundless bliss, is bent
To mitigate the punishment
Of sin, and stay its power;
And deigns to beautify this earth—
Cursed as it is—with teeming birth
Of tree, and fruit, and flower.

I love, when darkness veils the flowers,
And stars are marking lonely hours,
In majesty on high;
Almighty Father, how I love,
In meditative mood, to rove,
And hail thee *in the sky!*

And when the sun, at early dawn,
Illumes the hill, and wakes the lawn,
And tips the silver grove,
I see *on earth* my Father's face;
The God irradiates every place,
And “sheds abroad his love.”

There's not a passing day or hour,
There's not a tree, a shrub, a flower,
But fills my heart with thee.—
Thy goodness sleeps not, faints not now;
Time shall not cease to see it flow;
'Tis to eternity.

But, though we thank thee for the grace
That goodness sheds on Nature's face,
Ah! how much more for this;
For warm affections, partial friends,
For righteous means, and honest ends,
The spirit's temper'd bliss;

For place in this enlightened age,
For wisdom from the sacred page,
That speaks of thee, and thine,
For health, contentment, knowledge, taste,
No disposition time to waste,
No aptitude to pine;

The soften'd heart, the soul subdued,
The spirit of the world eschew'd,
 A thousand moral charms,
To brighten bliss, to temper care,
To make us cureless evils bear,
 And soothe life's last alarms.

Then, God of Goodness, teach my heart,
From thy example, how my part
 I may perform below;
With patience, let me evils bear—
My means with suffering sorrow share,
 And pardon every foe;

Promote my neighbour's happiness,
And never, never, make it less,
 Nor wound a feeling breast;
But strive the ills of life to heal,
And teach, when cureless woes they feel,
 To fly to Thee for rest.

And, oh ! my Father, let me pray,
That thou wilt clear my onward way,
Through life's perplexing path,
From human passion's dazzling play,
From strong temptation's swerving sway,
From pride, ambition, wrath.

Shield me from sin of every kind,
And, should my heart be broken, bind
It up in heavenly love;
Or, if prosperity assail
Too roughly, wilt thou, Father, fail
Its troubled waves to smooth ?

Thou wilt not suppliant children leave,
In helpless hopeless sin to grieve,
But, arm'd with power divine,
Wilt safe degree of joy below,
And boundless bliss in heaven bestow,
And make them wholly thine.

The God who made the sun and stars,
And built of heaven the crystal bars,
And bent Antinous' bow,
Heav'd high the hill, and spread the plain,
Pour'd from his palm the raging main,
And gemm'd Arion's brow—

Has said, that treading pleasant ways
Of Wisdom, for a few short days,
Obedient to his love,
The rich reward—eternity
Of gushing joy—our lot shall be,
With seraphim above.

Then, oh ! if gentle accents fail,
O'er stubborn passions to prevail,
And lead my soul to God,
Oh ! leave me not to Ephraim's sins,
But speak in Sinai's thunderings,
And drive me with thy rod.

Do any thing, O God, to quell
The rebel foes of sin and hell,
And chase them far from me;
But nerve me, Master, for the blow,
Thy blessing o'er my sorrows throw,
And draw me near to thee.

By HIM who came our woes to share,
And died to shield us from despair,
Thine own celestial son;
And by that Dove-like spirit, too,
That down to Jordan's waters flew,
THE HOLY THREE IN ONE :

By all thy promises of yore,
And by the unexhausted store
Of goodness and of grace,
Which dwells forever, Lord, in thee,
Oh ! let me, let me, let me see
My Maker face to face;

And join the sainted forms, that stand
Around thy throne, from every land,
 Meek Moses—fiery Paul,
And Peter, and the Royal Bard,
And she whose mellow voice was heard
 In Eden, ere the fall;

The dreamer of the Apocalypse,
And he who brought his gold in ships
 From Ophir's distant land,
The sage who saw Belshazzar's fall,
In blazing letters on the wall,
 Inscrib'd by God's own hand;—

Oh ! let me hear Isaiah's song,
And Massillon's mellifluous tongue;
 Bedell's persuasive voice;
Enjoy old Luther's words of fire;
Feel Knox's force my soul inspire;
 In Heber's strains rejoice.

Oh ! what an ecstasy to be
For ever in such company,
 With God, my Saviour, nigh !
Then, well may I, my Father, pray
That thou wilt point the heavenward way,
 And lead me to the sky.

MY NATIVE VALE.

AT HOME. 2 COR. V. 6.

FROM dusty streets, and ceaseless hum
Of ever-busy throng,
From fireman's cry, and muster-drum,
And blacken'd coalman's song;

From that most dreaded solitude
The thoughtful stranger meets,
Where trade's conflicting wheels intrude,
And thousands throng the streets;

Where every eye is turn'd aside,
Or fix'd in callous gaze,
Where nought is seen but pamper'd pride,
Or fashion's heartless blaze;

Oh! let me fly to thee away,
My distant native vale,
Where song of bees is heard by day,
By night the mock-bird's tale;

Where broad Potomac sighs along
Beneath his cliffs of stone,
And Shenandoah's distant song
Is like a giant's moan.

I cannot feel, surrounded here,
By works of human things,
As in that grand and quiet sphere,
Where up the spirit springs;

Where Blue-Ridge, with a graceful slope,
Bends upward to the sky,
And lifts the soul with mighty hope
Of heavenward destiny;

Where every leaf its lesson yields,
Each blossom tells its tale;

Creating Love is in the fields,
And glory in the vale.

No smoke-cloud dims the brilliant skies,
Art fetters not the rill,
The fawn, to seek the fountain, flies,
The eagle scales the hill.

Untrammel'd Nature's feeling grace
Exalts the pensive soul,
That loves the Master's hand to trace,
And own his sweet control.—

Then let me fly to thee away,
My gentle native vale,
Where hum of bees is heard by day,
By night the mock-bird's tale—

For here there's nothing for the heart,
Where pride of human things
Enshrouds the soul in works of art,
And hides the King of Kings.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE
IN THE LORD.

REV. XIV. 13.

THE living, are they bless'd ? Joy dwelleth not
In any bosom long—Care, sleepless care,
Is ever on his path; and, when he comes,
Joy flutters off again. The brightest sun
Casts, ever, deepest shadows ; and, the most
Is man in danger, when the richest buds
Of earthly bliss are clustering in his bower.—
The very grasp, the sought-for bubble, bursts.
Fruition, as 'tis called, darkens the hue
Of every toy of life.—The heart-strings move,
Not long, to constant impulse. The first drops
Of rain from heaven upon the harp, will stir

Its tones of sweetness: but how soon they damp
Its chords of harmony—and make it still!
The widest sea is vexed by wildest storms;
The highest hill's a resting place for snow;
And, if the vale is safest from the blast,
'Tis but to lie expos'd to floods, that sweep
Away its soil, and make a sterile waste.
But 'tis not so in Heaven! The highest there,
Is nearest to the throne of HIM whose eye
Sheds shadeless bliss on all within its scope.
There, light no shadow casts;—the blossoms there
Are never blighted;—the young buds of joy
No canker withers; and the smile of bliss
Is never dimm'd by tears.—Each joy is full.
And if imagination, on the wing
Of Milton's mighty soul, in vain might scan
The depth and fulness of the stream of good,
That but divides to swell, and subdivides
To grow more full and spreading—may we not
Echo the voice the sainted dreamer heard,
And say that they alone are truly bless'd,
Who, be the life a life of woe or peace,

Die in the Lord, and, on the wings of love
And tireless faith, ascend to Him who gave
The hope that gladdens life, the faith that brightens death.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,
And the best of the world, is its path to the sky.—
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that he gave,
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave!
'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,
'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,
How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,
If they look'd not from earth to the rapture above!
But the portals of death open out on the skies,
And the mortal who enters in ecstasy flies,
An angel of light, to the throne of the *King*;
While the echoes of Heaven in harmony ring
With the song of the seraphs, "Oh! blessed are they
Who die in the Lord, and from earth come away—
They rest from their labours—the works of their love
Have followed, and crown them with glory above."

Philadelphia, 1839.

H. L. CAREY & A. HART

HAVE RECENTLY PUBLISHED,

FOUR YEARS IN PARAGUAY;

Comprising an account of that Republic under the Dictator Francia.

BY J. P. & W. P. ROBERTSON,

In 2 Vols. 12mo.

This is one of the most deeply interesting publications that has appeared for months. It is instructive moreover, and contains sketches of the scenery and manners of a country, concerning which few travellers have written. Messrs. Carey & Hart have rendered an essential service to the public, in putting forth an American edition. The full title of the work is "Four Years in Paraguay, comprising an account of that Republic, under the government of the Dictator Francia, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson." The authors are supposed to be the first British subjects that ever visited the country; and no other work than the present, professing to give an account of Paraguay, written by an Englishman or American is extant.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

There is a good deal of interesting anecdote, about that famous man *Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia*, Doctor in Medicine, and late Consul or Dictator of Paraguay, with whom one of our travellers was personally and familiarly acquainted. This indeed is the best part of the book.—The following passage is delicious.—*Metropolitan.*

RICHARD HURDIS;

A TALE OF ALABAMA.

SECOND EDITION.

A fine, masculine novel, by some unknown hand, said to be a person of considerable eminence, whose name, if disclosed, would alone give extensive circulation to the work. But his name is withheld from personal considerations. The story is one of crime and bloodshed, founded on facts not very remote, and

CATALOGUE OF NEW WORKS.

disclosing appalling scenes of iniquity in our own country.—The author has displayed unusual ability for narrative and characterisation. The story is a simple one, and the narrator goes straight forward to the conclusion, without suffering the reader's interest to flag from beginning to end.—*U. S. Gaz.*

We have perused this novel carefully and entirely, and are prepared to speak with singular satisfaction upon its merits.—When we say that such was its fascination, we were unable, after commencing the first volume, to lay it aside, until we had reached its termination, we but faintly picture the wonderful interest of its contents. The plot is extremely simple; the incidents numerous, varied, somewhat strained, but thrillingly exciting. The language is nervous, characteristic, and altogether unhackneyed. There is a freshness about the whole work, and a vigorous boldness that we like exceedingly.—*Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.*

HEALTH AND BEAUTY, AN EXPLANATION OF THE LAWS OF GROWTH & EXERCISE;

Through which a pleasing contour, symmetry of form, and graceful carriage of the Body are acquired, and the common deformities of the spine and chest prevented.

BY JOHN BELL, M. D.

This volume is intended for the general, rather than the professional reader. It has claims upon our notice, from the reputation of the author as well as from the excellence of the design and execution of the work. Dr. Bell is one of the few writers upon popular medicine, who has successfully treated this difficult subject. Resorting neither to charlatanry, nor to indelicacy to render his book attractive, he has confined himself to the delivering of a few important hygienic and physiological truths, conveyed in a pleasing style and very happily illustrated; we think it entitled to the sanction of the profession, and that it may be safely recommended to the public as a very agreeable and useful publication.—*Medical Examiner.*

CATALOGUE OF NEW WORKS.

AN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY, INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA,

Through the hitherto undescribed countries of the Great Namaquas, Boschmaus and Hill Damaras, performed under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government and the Royal Geographical Society, and conducted by

JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER.

2 Vols. 12mo.

The best and most interesting book of travels we have seen for a long time is Alexander's account of his Expedition of Discovery into the interior of Africa, through the hitherto undescribed countries of the Great Namaquas, Buschmaus and Hill Damaras, performed under the auspices of the British Government and the Royal Geographical Society. The adventures of the traveller and his party are of the most interesting and exciting character. Those encounters of the natives with their neighbors, the lions, are perfectly thrilling—rather too much so to take a part in. When a lion seizes one by the side, tears out two or three ribs, and lays bare the lungs, the affair becomes altogether too *personal*, to be agreeable.—*Messenger*.

THE BRITISH SENATE;

Or, a Second Series of Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons. By the Author of the "Great Metropolis," "The Bench and the Bar," &c.

A visit to the two houses of Parliament, when in session, is an entertainment which almost any one would be willing to purchase at some sacrifice of time, trouble and money. It would afford much pleasure and instruction and leave many lasting recollections. Now, as this visit cannot be made by more than one in a thousand of those who desire it, we may congratulate ourselves that the accomplished author of the Great Metropolis, has thought proper to furnish us with the best possible substitute, by giving us a series of lively, graphic, and masterly sketches of these famous halls of legislation exactly as they appear to one who daily frequents them. We see the lords and the commons sitting in grave debate, or electrified with the eloquence of the several speakers who are here described and characterised to the life. We see the new

CATALOGUE OF NEW WORKS.

queen entering the house, hear her speech, note her air and gestures, witness the moving of the address in answer, and are then conducted through the most interesting scenes of the session, and severally introduced to the distinguished men who take the lead in that august assembly, the British Senate. Surely, if we do not now possess ourselves of these volumes and thus become *au fait* to the sayings and doings, the "how and about" of this famous assembly, it will be our own fault.—*Messenger*.

NAPOLEON MEMOIRS; **EVENINGS WITH PRINCE CAMBACERES.** BY BARON LANGON.

2 Vols. 12mo.

It possesses intense interest, especially for those who delight in tracing the wonderful progress of the great captain of modern times. The style is agreeable, while the incidents are racy, and in many cases striking and important.—*Inquirer*.

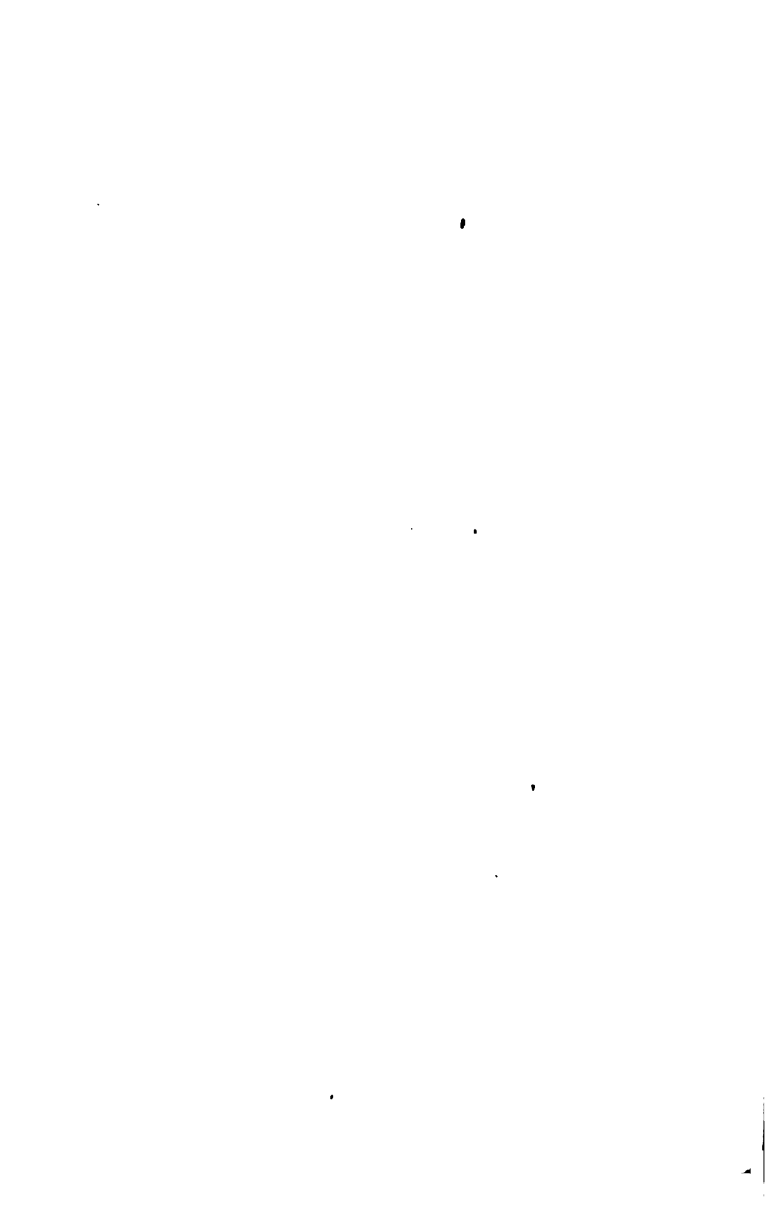
Evenings with Cambaceres, published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, last week, belongs to the same class of delightful "Memoirs" with Caulincourt's, which we recently noticed. The French have always excelled in this entertaining species of writing, and this specimen is the best.—*Messenger*.

NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES. BY CAULINCOURT, DUKE OF VICENZA.

2 vols. 12mo.

Such being our sentiments, it may be said that any well authenticated memoir of Napoleon can hardly be considered uninteresting, and the pages of Caulincourt, so far as we have yet been able to read them, furnish a variety of detail previously unknown or unpublished, with here and there familiar sketches of his character, both in its strength and its weakness, that are calculated to impart a very graphic, and, we imagine also, an equally correct portrait of the late Emperor of the French. Many anecdotes are quite of a conversational character, and intersperse well with the notices of treaties, battles, retreats, and all the sanguinary horrors, miseries, and results of war. The work cannot fail to be popular.—*Inquirer*.







1



15



~~4~~ —



~~1~~ —

